

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 13, 1973

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## Next week

YOUNG AND OLD Dodgers, Bill Russell and Claude Olsen to name just two, have held the lead in the National League West. Bill Leggett reports on the revival in Los Angeles.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in years Jack Nicklaus is not the favorite in a major championship. In the PGA the men to watch are heroic Tom Weiskopf. Dan Jenkins describes the struggle.

IMMACULATE RECEPTION capped the Pittsburgh Steelers' rise from the slag heap last season. Myron Cope, a long-suffering fan, tells it like it was, and is and may be.

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## ABSTRACT



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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN RANE

## A LOOK AT MINICYCLES

The evils long thought to be mainly in the overly competitive world of Little League baseball—or any other sport for kids (*see cover*) that is dominated by parents and adult coaches with limited understanding of the child's psyche—now would seem to have found another home. On page 42 Ernest Havemann presents the story of minicycle racing for children as young as 2½ years up to 16.

Dr. Thomas P. Johnson, San Diego child psychiatrist and member of the National Athletic Health Institute's medical advisory board, has this to say, stressing that his observations are based on "the very limited sampling of the 15 to 20 youngsters with whom I've worked who were actively participating in this sport."

"Many children don't just choose it but are encouraged to choose it by the parents, often in very subtle ways," he said. "The majority of parents would be uncomfortable with young children in such a high-risk situation. And there is risk. I know of a grade-schooler who spent several months in a cast, immobilized from the worst down...."

"But why can't these kids get pleasure from the involvement and excitement of competing in running races, bicycle racing, sailboat racing? There is tremendous excitement in these sports without the danger and speed. For some children, and for some parents, these things are not scary enough, not glamorous enough. It takes something pretty dramatic to turn some people on."

"I recognize there are risks in crossing the street, but I'm just raising the question: Need we introduce this high-speed element?"

The opposite philosophy holds: a man's life is studded with risks, some of which he can learn to calculate. The earlier a kid knows that, the better.

## DR. J. SOLD UP THE RIVER

The most complicated deal in sports history may well have been the sale of Julius Erving of the ABA Virginia Squires

to the New York Nets. The extraordinary Dr. J (SI, Dec. 11) has established that he is capable of stuffing arenas as well as baskets, but the Squires' owner, Earl Foreman, is reported to be cash poor, and that was at the heart of the deal. Now, with Erving's departure, the team is apt to become fan poor.

The deal was one of those good old one-player, four-team transactions involving the Nets and the Squires, along with the NBA Atlanta Hawks, who had a contract with the 6'7" forward effective at the start of the 1975-76 season, and the Milwaukee Bucks, who hold the NBA draft rights to Dr. J. The Nets agreed to pay Erving, the Squires and the Hawks a total of almost \$4 million with roughly \$2.5 million of that going to the player over the next eight years. The Bucks, distraught at being left out of the deal, have threatened to sue any and all parties on whatever grounds they can conjure up.

Acquisition of Erving must immediately help the Nets at the gate and on the floor. Fourth-place finishers last season, they are now championship contenders. For the ABA the sale could improve the league's chances for a lucrative TV contract and a merger with the NBA by putting basketball's most attention-getting player smack dab in the middle of mediocrity.

But the Erving deal represents the appearance of an unfortunate phenomenon in the ABA. Like other sports leagues it has now fallen into the pattern in which a richer, big-city team acquires a superior athlete not because of its shrewdness but rather because it is wealthier than some of its partners struggling in less-populated areas.

New York fans will have a chance to see Erving operate in the best of circumstances almost immediately. The Nets meet their local NBA rival Knicks in two exhibition games this fall, and Erving will surely be matched against Dave DeBusschere, who will retire at the end of the upcoming season to become the Nets'

general manager. Will DeBusschere take it easy on the man who will be buttering his bread in the years to come? Will Erving dare to embarrass his future boss with one of his behind-the-head dunk shots?

Business relationships aside, the match between Dr. J, the best offensive forward in basketball, and DeBusschere, the strongest defender among concernmen, should be a dandy. It will be a much more even contest than the one in which the Nets got Erving for some guys named Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, none of whom can dribble, pass or shoot.

## THE SPECIALIST

There is always something marvelous about teaching a dog to retrieve, whether it be sticks or ducks, but there is something extra special about Jasper, who is part golden retriever and part collie and has been joyfully retrieving lost golf balls since he was a mere pup 10 years ago. Over that period he has enriched his master, Paul Laffeur, with 22,698 balls. Laffeur is a statistician with the Canadian



government in Ottawa, so one would expect that his count would be reasonably accurate.

The very special thing about Jasper is that he returns only unblemished balls. He has learned that a ball which is damaged in any way will be thrown back into the rough and he will not get his pay—a dog biscuit.

Jasper also has learned by long and hard experience that lurking in the rough to pounce on balls which roll by on the fairway is against the Rules of Golf. He was not taught that so much by Laffeur as by scores of irate golfers waving their clubs at him.

continued

**BEEF FOR THE BEEFY**

Restaurants around the country are predicting, and in some cases experiencing, a beef shortage resulting from whatever your local politician wants to blame it on. But not at the Philadelphia Eagles' training table.

Richard Williams, camp food director, made a big purchase of meat in July, and so the 100 team members and staff will continue to eat their usual steaks and roasts until Labor Day, when camp disbands. In Williams' freezer are stacked some 1,800 filets mignons, 1,400 other steaks and 500 pounds of prime rib.

It's different with the Atlanta Falcons, who have only a two-week supply on hand, and the Cincinnati Bengals, who are serving more spaghetti and lasagna. The New England Patriots are eating as much beef as ever, but simply paying more for it.

Then there is Allan Sachs, football fan and president of a sausage company in Minnesota. Lacking season tickets for Viking games, he ran a newspaper ad offering to trade one hindquarter of beef for two season tickets between the 30-yard lines. He got quite a response.

"I haven't done any work for two days," Sachs complained. "I have canceled the ad. It's not only the people who want to trade tickets for beef—I've had 15 of those offers already—but others who know I'll be getting tickets now want to buy them. The phone has been driving me crazy."

He has already made a deal for two season box seats on the 50-yard line.

**REVOLT IN THE LOCKER ROOM**

The Tournament Players Division of the professional golf tour is considering a new format, one that would force major players to appear in certain events. Static in the stars was predictable.

Joe Dey, TPD commissioner, announced that the pros' policy board envisions a series of 15 "championship tournaments," a new category with prize money expected to average at least \$260,000 per tournament.

The rub is that "all leading players would be obliged to play in all 15 of the TPD tournaments." Should leading players not appear, except for reasons "of illness or grave personal emergency," they would be subject to disciplinary action.

Some player reactions:

Jack Nicklaus: "Don't lock me in. I'm

not an employee of the TPD. If they want me to play in 12 of the 15, that's something else. But you've got 15, plus the four big tournaments, plus certain others you want to play. That's 22 or 23 tournaments. I want to cut back, not expand."

Arnold Palmer: "With other tournaments outside the country that I want to play, and with my personal business, well, that's just an awful lot of golf. They might lose me."

Gary Player: "If you're saying what I think you're saying, I'd have to give up the American tour. They can't expect me to fly over here every two weeks or 10 days. And what if one of these tournaments was opposite the South African Open? They couldn't expect me to miss that."

**COMEBACK FOR CATHY**

A swimming cliché of recent years has been that girl swimmers can no longer succeed in world-class competition after they are 17 or so. According to Cathy Corcoran, a former Olympian who now swims for Princeton at the age of 20 and will compete Aug. 15-25 at the World University Games in Moscow, this is nonsense. Donna de Varona, former Olympic swimming champion (Rome and Tokyo), agrees with her. Donna, retired at age 17, now feels that women swimmers peak at about 23.

According to Cathy, who quit at 15, she just got fed up with the rigors of training. Those who retired at such an early age, she said, "are probably worn out from the long hours of training and the pressure of competition."

"At nine I was practicing 2½ hours a day," she recalled, "and by the time I was 11, I was training twice a day. I was swimming 10 miles a day."

"I didn't think about boys. I rarely had dates. When I got through one workout I would go home and rest until the other one."

But now Cathy is back in the pool again. She decided to try for a comeback when she got to college.

"Swimming was fun again," she explained. "I am sure the length of a swimmer's career depends more on her state of mind than anything else."

**SOME CHANGES MADE**

In some ways the most fouled up franchise in the National Hockey League is not one of the expansionist teams such

as the New York Islanders but the long-established Detroit Red Wings.

Coach Johnny Wilson was cashiered and went to the Atlanta Flames as assistant general manager.

Gordie Howe, vice-president and Detroit's all-time great, resigned and joined sons Marty, 19, and Mark, 18, with the Houston Aeros of the World Hockey Association.

Only the other day the popular Bar Bastien departed as assistant general manager to take a similar post under Sid Abel, longtime friend, with the new Kansas City entry, the Scouts.

Now it appears that Alex Delvecchio, graying center of the Red Wings, may or may not join his old buddy Howe in Houston. "We've made him an attractive offer," Houston President James Smith conceded as rumors spread that Delvecchio had already signed. But then the Red Wings made him an attractive counter offer.

**FOLLOW-UP REPORT**

The legalized slaughter of thousands of robins in New Brunswick, Canada 151, July 30) has been stopped. Jack Davis, Canadian Environment Minister, has announced that permits to shoot the birds, given last year to blueberry farmers, will not be renewed this year. The farmers have been advised to protect their berries with noisemakers.

**THEY SAID IT**

• Larry Brown, Redskin running back, after hitting a three-run homer in a softball game: "I can understand now how Henry Aaron feels when he slams one and trots around those bases. Unlike football, nobody stops you on the way."

• Johnny Rodgers, former Nebraska football star who is now with the Alouettes in the Canadian Football League, about the 13,000 crowd for a game at Regina: "We had that many people selling hot dogs in the stands at Nebraska."

• Chuck Estrada, first-place Texas Ranger pitching coach, on how he decides which reliever to use: "Whoever answers the bullpen phone."

• Jim Jameson, pro golfer, recalling he was offered a football scholarship at Iowa: "I was invited there to see a big game. Some players had blood on their uniforms. Others had teeth missing. I said to myself, 'This is only college football. What must pro football be like?' So I stuck to golf."

END

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# MARLBORO COUNTRY IS A VALE OF TEARS

*Onion left 'em crying by upsetting Secretariat in the Whitney. For Penny Tweedy and some other very interested parties who had banked on the favorite's success, it turned out to be close, but no cigarette* by WHITNEY TOWER

Man o' War lost the only race of his career in the Sanford Stakes at Saratoga in 1919. Eleven years later, Triple Crown winner Gallant Fox came a cropper to long shot Jim Dandy in the Travers. That sort of thing could not happen again, said the 30,119 hero-worshippers who congregated to see Secretariat in last week's running of the Whitney Stakes. But it did. Going off at 1-to-40 odds before the largest crowd ever to watch racing at New York's upstate spa, Secretariat labored along the inside of a fast but dull strip and finished the mile and an eighth a length behind a fine horse named Onion, who belongs to stockbroker Jack Dreyfus (absent for the occasion). A 5-to-1 second choice, Onion led every step of the way.

Almost as confounding to the established order was the fact that Secretariat's stablemate Riva Ridge, another frenetic favorite, had finished second in a midweek grass race to a 56-to-1 shot named Wichita Oil. The embarrassment was keen for Owner Penny Tweedy, Trainer Lucien Laurin and Jockey Ron Turcotte, but sharper than a serpent's tooth for a whole new world of commercialized racing.

The Marlboro cigarette people have sunk \$200,000 in prize money and their hopes for a promotional windfall into a special match race between Secretariat and Riva Ridge at Belmont Park on Sept. 15. The Marlboro Cup is one of a heavy

schedule of four televised races starring the Triple Crown winner which some New York officials hope will attract new fans and money and put the staggering sport back on its feet in the state.

The match race was to have been the centerpiece of the series, now Marlboro and the New York Racing Association are left with two tarnished champions. Last week's double losses are apt to leave new fans—and even some old racing buffs—as excited about Secretariat vs. Riva Ridge as they would be if the Marlboro Man was scheduled to race a Camel.

Secretariat's appearance in the Whitney—the first time he has faced older horses—had been planned well ahead of the television signing and, as Laurin pointed out, would serve as a perfect prep on the Saratoga track for his next serious objective, the classic mile-and-a-quarter Travers on Aug. 18. But Onion, a 4-year-old gelding by Third Martin with the speed of Roman in his blood, got in some good prepping of his own just four days before the Whitney. He established his affinity for the track by beating its record over 6½ furlongs.

"I never thought he could beat Secretariat, but I knew he was a pretty good sprinter," said Onion's skilled trainer, Allen Jenkins. By the time Onion had finished his day's work, Jenkins was clearly up to old tricks. Race fans suddenly were recalling the three occasions he sent sprinter Beau Purple against champion

Kelso. In each race Beau Purple took the lead at the start and held on to win.

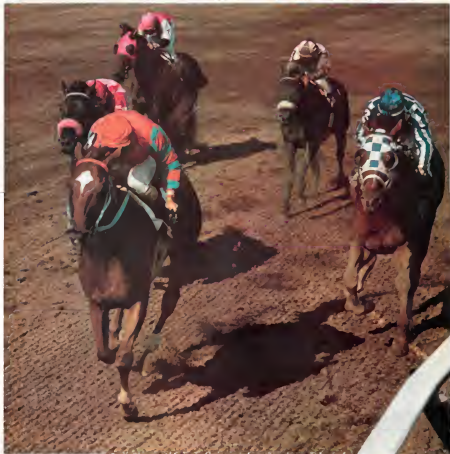
Onion was one of only four horses that dared to face Secretariat, and even the record-breaking crowd was a disappointment, perhaps because prerace reports trumpeted what a huge crowd there would be. Some estimated it might reach 40,000, and that was plenty to frighten many into staying home. Not to be overlooked were the inroads of the state's Off-Track Betting office in nearby Schenectady, an invitation to take it all in for free on TV.

Until the starting gate opened, the whole show belonged to pretty Penny and her glamour colt. As Mrs. Tweedy took her seat in the clubhouse boxes, few thought it likely that Secretariat would lose. One who did was a trainer who noted that Secretariat's last workout, a half mile in an unimpressive :48½, was also on a dull surface. If he handled himself the same way in this race, he could be in for trouble.

Trouble was just what he got. Possibly some of it occurred because Secretariat failed to "fire" on his own instinct, but the rest simply has to be attributed to Turcotte, who gave the colt the added

*round*

*Secretariat (top, third from left) made a good start, but at the wire Onion led as the Triple Crown winner struggled along the rail, kicking up a lot of dirt that covered his forelegs.*



burden of doing virtually all of his serious running on the rail where the going was doubly deep. As the horses waited for the start, Secretariat seemed to show his old determination as he drove forward and banged his head against the gate, but he was never his competitive self once the race began. Going up the backstretch, Onion was held well out from the rail by jockey Jacinto Vasquez while Secretariat remained inside, displaying none of his usual drive. Turning for home, the horses were briefly head and head, but with Secretariat plowing along on the deep inside it was not a match for long. Leaving the 16th pole, Onion, who carried 119 pounds as did Secretariat, drew away to win. It was the first stakes victory of his career and only the fourth official defeat for the Triple Crown champion in 17 starts.

Both Laurin and Turcotte felt that Secretariat had not handled the track well. The trainer thought that his rider should have gone to the outside before the final turn. Turcotte defended himself by point-

ing out that Vasquez took Onion so wide most of the trip that Secretariat was left with only the inside route.

"Whatever it was, we'll stick to the planned schedule and hope he comes back," said Laurin. Mrs. Tweedy added, as if making a discovery, "Now we know nothing is certain in racing. I wonder where that man from Marlboro is . . . ?"

The man, Jack Landry, had said earlier, "If Secretariat loses, you'll see one dead man lying in the middle of the track—me." As dusk fell on Saratoga, either the track's harrows had neatly buried Landry or he had ridden resolutely back to Marlboro Country.

Before the race, Saratoga had been enlivened by Secretariat's presence and the anticipation of his appearance in the Whitney. He had wowed them at Churchill Downs, at Pimlico, at Belmont and, most recently, at Chicago's Arlington Park. But at Saratoga, where sophisticated horsemen have grown accustomed to the sight of all the great ones and their owners during 106 years of the best racing in America, it remained for this handsome and confident animal to stand the town on its gossip ear. "He isn't a horse," said one spectator. "He's a cult."

Bunting of Meadow Stable blue and white flew on Broadway. The entrance to Siro's Steak House across from the track was guarded by cast-iron jockeys painted in the now familiar Triple Crown colors. Pinkertons were on duty around the clock at Barn 24 where Secretariat and Riva Ridge enjoyed togetherness in Stalls 10 and 11. When the big horse went to the main track in the mornings, 2,000 people turned up just to see him gallop once around, and a record 5,000 were on hand at 7 a. m. last Wednesday to see him work a half mile under wraps. The only cranes in sight were those questioning the ambitious summer and fall schedule the Meadow Stable braintrust had mapped out for their willing runner. "Counting the Whitney, it will be four races in two months," said Mrs. Tweedy. "Sounds overambitious, and it may be. Who knows?"

Some who thought they knew were most of the members of the \$6,080,000 Secretariat syndicate who are paying \$150,000 a share for his lifetime breed-



ing rights. They would have been immensely pleased if he had been retired the instant he crossed the Belmont Stakes finish line to become the ninth Triple Crown winner.

Two of Secretariat's upcoming track dates are perfectly in line with standard programming for any 3-year-old champion. One is next week's Travers and the other is the traditional Woodward on Sept. 29. In between these two classics Secretariat will help initiate a new phase of thoroughbred racing in the Big Apple when, for \$250,000, he will engage in the mile-and-an-eighth exhibition "race" against Riva Ridge. It is that race that has prompted more than a few traditionalists to take another look at Penny and wonder, "Has she become star-struck? Or money-crazy?"

The Marilyn Monroe program for Secretariat was launched in June as the branchchild of Landry, a native of Saratoga who now labors under the title of group vice president and director of marketing for Philip Morris, U.S.A. "I fell in love with him when I saw the Sanford last August in Saratoga," he said recently. "After the Belmont, the idea for a match race really got to me. I think the timing was right, for Mrs. Tweedy truly wants to do things that are good for racing—she proved it by taking Secretariat to Chicago. NYRA President Jack Krumpke indicated that it was time to bring major commercialism into racing."



Krumpke has a plan to revive N.Y. racing





Pickartone kept the record crowd at bay.

Two hundred miles upstate, Krumpke, an energetic former Dartmouth athlete, sat in his Saratoga office and agreed. "Yes, the special race was Landry's idea. I went to the NYRA trustees to recommend that commercialization of racing for substantial amounts of money would be good if it could go on national television. The key was Secretariat and his participation. This is the sort of imaginative marketing racing needs, particularly in New York. Racing here is in desperate shape. We're dying. If we don't do something with bold imagination, we might soon really be dead." The illness has been brought on largely by the state's Off-Track Betting Corp. In the first two years OTB operated, the daily attendance at the New York City tracks, Belmont and Aqueduct, dropped 24% and the average handle was down 14%.

Not far from Krumpke's office Mrs. Tweedy sat in her clubhouse box. "This horse has created a tremendous amount of non-race-fan interest," she said. "As I see it, a purse from outside sources has been offered. If properly done, this race can help the sport and it is a worthy thing to participate in. As for my being money-crazy, that is crazy. My father's estate will owe the Internal Revenue Service around \$12 million in taxes on Oct. 3rd. Of course we can pay part of it and get an extension, but we are naturally interested in income. That is one of the reasons we just syndicated Riva Ridge for

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

\$5,120,000. But the Marlboro Cup purse won't come to us. My father's heirs will select a dozen or more charities to receive a portion of the \$250,000."

Not far from where Mrs. Tweedy sat, Laurin climbed out of his Mercedes in front of Barn 24. "I had nothing to do with the match race," said the dapper, usually cheerful French Canadian. "If the racing secretaries picked Riva Ridge, who am I to say he isn't the best handicapper horse around? The only hitch there is that if it comes up slop or mud, this is one time Riva will have to run, because of our TV commitment. I know he won't run his best on an off-track, but that's the way it must be."

The determination of how it must be was a group effort. Marlboro offered \$200,000 toward the purse. The NYRA added another \$50,000, which will most likely come from the more than \$100,000 that CBS is paying the NYRA to televise the four Secretariat races. In addition to the Whitney, the Marlboro Cup and the Woodward, viewers will see The Jockey Club Gold Cup on Oct. 27.

After Secretariat was looked in, the question of a legitimate rival for a true match race had to be solved. NYRA Racing Secretary Kenny Noe was called on, along with Ken Lennox of Moenmouth

Park and Jimmy Kilroe of Santa Anita. All three selected Riva Ridge.

The heavy schedule of traditional events plus the match race has left a number of syndicate members nervous indeed. Some of them say that things have already been overdone. Secretariat is now partially in the hands of the William Morris Agency. Already in the works are a painting by famed equine artist Richard Stone Reeves from which 750 lithographs will be made to sell at \$350 each, and a varied assortment of silver ingots, medallions and posters.

In the weeks before the Whitney, Secretariat very nearly needed an agent as his popularity grew daily. Mrs. Tweedy refused to sell a share of the syndicate for \$450,000. At least one service to him for 1974 was being negotiated for \$100,000. But after his loss to Onion it is unlikely that Secretariat can still command the following the cigarette manufacturers, television and the New York racing officials presumed he would. Now the question of whether the demanding schedule his owner has set for him is realistic has become more pressing. Only if Secretariat returns to his Triple Crown form will Meadow Stable, the syndicate and the folks from Marlboro Country be left sitting tall in the saddle.

CONTINUED



Mrs. Tweedy, kept far away from fans and photographers, waits for her horse to be saddled.

## ... OTHER YEARS, OTHER GUYS AND DOLLS

*Distinguished horses with distinctive owners are a Saratoga tradition. Arrayed alongside their racing colors are some of the spa's most notable notables*



*The granddaddy of all the Whitneys and of U.S. racing was mustachioed W.C. His Goldsmith won the first Saratoga Special.*

*A.G. Vanderbilt is The Jockey Club's maverick. He derisively shed his coat on opening day of this season.*



*George Widener, turf patron and all-night dancer at the spa's casinos, gave a cup to Samuel Riddle, owner of Men o' War.*





*Zeida Fitzgerald?  
Not in a Saratoga  
box! This is  
Isabel Sloane,  
who was  
famed for her  
bridge parties.*



*Jack Whitney, one  
of Mrs. Tippet's  
three aces (he  
was a QWTFW  
becker) is the  
co-owner of  
Greentree Stable.*



*Warren Wright made  
dough in baking  
powder, built  
Calumet Farm. His  
Bull Lee won the  
Triple Crown  
winner Citation.*



*Liangnan Farm's  
Liz Tippet (she  
tested for  
Scurlett)  
talks to C.V.  
Whitney, heir  
to W.C.'s colors.*



*Elizabeth Arden often  
personally applied her  
lotions to ailing  
horses. The  
formale worked;  
she won many  
Saratoga stakes.*

END

# FASTEST LEGS IN TWO LEAGUES

*Already a world-beating speed skater, Sheila Young added wheels and whirled away to still another title at the national cycling championships. For her next act she takes on the reign in Spain* **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

**I**n the high-tone community of Northbrook, Ill., an expensive enclave located just off Chicago's northwest tentacle, family dogs barked and bristled and jumpy motorists tensed last week. The traffic tables had turned and they were outnumbered by their natural enemies. Those hard-pumping, gear-shifting, lightweight-riding bicyclists were in town, clearing the air, abating the noise and pedaling their sport.

The occasion was the Amateur Bicycle League of America's national track championships, four days and nights that tied tenacious men and women to delicate machines in a torturous shakedown. It was the essence of pure sport, finely attuned athletes challenging the limit where muscles agonize and the mind hallucinates. And from all the blood, sweat and tears grew both elegant triumph and solemn defeat.

Roger and Sheila Young, brother and sister from Detroit, brought sibling rivalry to its finest hour with victories in the men's and women's sprints. For Sheila, the accomplishment brings special sports status: she also is the world sprint speed skating champion, having emerged from the meet at Oslo last year with three gold medals plus two new world records set in Switzerland. And now she represents the strongest U.S. threat ever for the world cycling championships later this month in Spain. In the men's sprint event Roger thwarted the gritty comeback attempt of Jack Disney, at 43 the graying patriarch of the sport. The Californian was striving for his eighth national title but the Wonderful Week of Disney ended with Young's two straight victories in the best-of-three-match finals Saturday night.

For those who would put us on wheels instead of behind them, cycling is an antidote and a cure-all, a panacea for fatty arteries and clogged cloverleaves, a pollution solution loved by the long-haired hip as well as the old ladies from Pasadena. For years cycling lay fallow in America, but the dread epidemic of thickening waistlines and short-circuit-

ing heartbeats triggered a revival. Last year we bought more bikes than automobiles, well over 14 million two-wheelers, more than twice the number sold in 1970 and easily 10 million more than were purchased a decade ago. Outfitted with parkas and electric socks in cold weather, pith helmets and shorts in hot going, the cycling enthusiast finds his lightweight 10-speed a supreme way to fend off boredom and a wrinkled mind. Obviously we are going cyclodeleic.

Balancing on the crest of the movement are the racers, wingless birds pumping their legs in furious flight. They came to Northbrook to gather at a concrete, banked oval track, its infield heavy with the tangy odor of loam and the melodic sound of spinning wheels, a place warm with the bonds of friendship. The racers were a family. They lent each other spare parts and free advice. They camped together in the meadow of a nearby park, building a small tent city. They congratulated each other in victory and commiserated in defeat.

For Clair Young it was an association he held simply and comforting, like a house key turning smoothly in a lock. He is the 55-year-old father of Roger and Sheila, an earnest, principled man who works in the traffic department of a Detroit automotive-parts plant. Since his wife died in 1962, Clair Young has devoted his leisure time and money to his children's athletic pursuits. He has a four-year-old station wagon with the wear of 167,000 miles on it, and at the national championships he was up at five a.m. each morning to cook breakfast for his retinue. "Look at this," he said fondly, gazing around the track infield early in the week. "Isn't this wonderful? This sport keeps me broke. But I wouldn't put it in dollars and cents. This is what kept my family together, a terrific influence in bringing up my kids. This is my life, and I love it. If I die today, I die a happy man."

Sprinting is the marrow of track cycling. It demands the obvious talent of strength, but a sprinter also must be a tactician, for much of the 1,000-meter

race is spent maneuvering, with a final high-speed burst in the last 200 meters. "You can't run into them, but you can scare them," explained Sheila Young.

The fierce rivalry between Sheila Young and Sue Novara was the highlight of the week. Both girls were from Michigan, Sheila from Detroit, Sue from Flint, and both were young, Sheila 22, Sue 17. Sheila won the 1971 Nationals, then skipped them last year when Sue won, in favor of the world cycling championships. As recently as last month Sue upset Sheila in the finals of the Michigan State meet after Sheila made an equipment adjustment, changing gear ratio, that disrupted her rhythm. "I feel pretty good now, but I might blow it," Sheila cautioned early in the week. "I get so nervous and when I get nervous I go blank. Then again, I don't know what Sue is going to do. She might surprise me."

Originally Sheila took up cycling to complement her career as a speed skater. She finished fourth in the 500 meters at the Sapporo Winter Olympics and since then has "improved about 100%." More recently she was third in the world cycling meet in France, cracking the Russian women's domination of the sport, and now divides her year-round training between bicycles and skates. "I love the feeling of going fast," she says.

Sheila's concern over her opponent's deception seemed gratuitous in view of Sue's innocent, childlike appearance. Novara is tall and blonde with blue-green eyes and skin yet to be furrowed by worry. For most of the week she breezed around the infield and breezed through her competition, crossing the finish line with a disdainful backward glance. "I want to win the world's title," said Novara, who probably will join Young for the competitions in Spain. "And I want to set a bunch of records before I quit. There's a lot of pressure here, from everybody out to beat you, from everybody who expects you to win. When it comes down to the big one, I'll be scared to death. If you want it bad enough, that's what counts. We're all just about as fast."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE KRAMER/REX



*With rival Sue Novara hot on her sprockets, Sheila Young cuts down the corner for home.*

It's the one who wanes it the most who will win."

Besides speed, the confrontation evoked images of danger. The previous weekend in the national road-race championships, 20 riders were involved in a grotesque chain-reaction crash, and eight were carted off to the hospital. At Northbrook frequent spills during the track races kept the medics alert, although there were no injuries more serious than one broken nose and one broken collarbone. "You're coming through the corners, side by side, both going all out and it's easy to wipe out," said Novara. She came to Northbrook with a match-race record unscathed by a 1973 defeat. "Some girls you can intimidate. You can play with them, especially if they're afraid."

There was little chance of intimidating Sheila Young, according to Peter Schotting, her speed skating coach and boyfriend from Holland. In fact, overaggressiveness almost cost her the title. In the first ride of the best-of-three finals Saturday night Sheila was in control coming out of the final turn when she forced Novara up on the banking, illegal on the last stretch, and was disqualified. Sue tried to put the pressure on in the second ride, taking the lead and forcing the race, but Sheila's powerful drive caught Novara in the final turn, and she passed on the outside for victory. The seeds of doubt had been sown. In the final race, Sheila hung back for most of the first lap, then saw an opening and cornered Novara, forcing her opponent up high on the bank and thus blunting her attack. Sheila controlled the last 200 yards.

"She's really fast, but she's inexperienced," her father said after the decisive final ride. "She gets shook up, I think. Before the last ride I could tell she was really nervous just by looking at her. So I tried to act real calm . . . even though I was as nervous as she was."

Later, while Sheila and Roger held their rose bouquets and slipped into the National Champion jerseys symbolic of their triumphs, the crowd called for Clair Young to come out onto the track. He did, suffused with pride, and they put him up on a bicycle and he took a victory lap with his children, side by side, the old man doffing his cap in gratitude to the applauding stands. It was a simple moment all too rare.

END



# HOTTEST GUNS IN THE SOUTH

*Savannah was the sultry scene of the blastoff for 800 shotgunners in the skeet World Championships*

by ROBERT F. JONES

As the Beatles once put it, "Happiness is a warm gun, Mama." Of course John and Paul and George and Ringo were being facetious when they wailed that little ditty a few years back, but in Savannah, Ga., last week a small army of super shotgunners gathered to prove the truth of the slogan. Along the way nearly 4,000 guns grew very warm indeed, more than half a million shots were fired, the sky grew dark with clouds of shattered clay and joy was wildly unbounded.

The cause for all this explosive jollity was the 27th annual World Championships of the National Skeet Shooting Association, a slambang gathering of 927 of the nation's best and most fervent wing shoes—with contingents from Japan, Canada and Puerto Rico as well. By the time the smoke cleared (a full day later than the program called for), six major titles and countless minor ones had been determined in the four basic shotgun categories recognized by the NSSA—410, 28, 20 and 12 gauge.

But a world-class skeet meet is much more than a mere blastoff for money and medals. Like golf, which it resembles in its emphasis on heavy concentration and light sociability, skeet shooting is a lifetime sport, accessible to young and old,

male and female alike, provided they can afford it. And skeet is expensive. Of the 200,000 Americans who shoot skeet, almost 20,000 are registered with the NSSA and qualify as "serious shooters." For them the cost of guns, ammo, targets and the logistics of getting to the meets *purses out at roughly a dollar per clay bird killed*. And a whole mess of birds but the dust in Georgia last week.

The sport got its start back in 1920, on the grounds of the Glen Rock Kennels in Andover, Mass., when a group of upland bird hunters began looking for a better way to keep their eyes sharp during the off-season. Trapshooting seemed too simple: a couple of clay pigeons whizzing off in easy, straightaway shots—so the gunners laid out a circular course that measured 25 yards in radius, marked off like the face of a clock. A trap at "12 o'clock" was set to fling clays over each of the 12 stations, plus a short station in the center of the circle. "Shooting around the clock," they called it. But when a chicken farmer set up his stand at the edge of the clock course, the gunners had a problem. They solved it by cutting the circle in half and putting another trap at "six o'clock." That reduced the danger area by half but retained the difficulties of wing shooting from the original layout.

As the sport grew in popularity, all that was needed was a name. That wait was filled in 1926, when a certain Gertrude Hurlburt of Dayton, Mont., won a \$100 prize in the sport's baptismal contest by suggesting "skeet"—an old Scandinavian form of "shoot." From that point, the sport went off with a bang. Except for the war years, world championships have been held annually since 1935 in places as disparate as Reno, St. Junvier, Quebec, Rush, N.Y., and San Antonio.

The Savannah meet was the fourth to be held at that venerable Southern seaport in the past nine years. To many, the weather—scalding and sticky, punctuated from time to time by torrential rains and lightning—seemed more conducive to sipping juleps and swinging in hammocks than trudging around the Forest City Gun Club's 26 skeet fields. One evening the organizers of the meet served up a traditional Georgia "shrimp boil," and while the 1,400 pounds of crustaceans were bubbling, one gunner opined: "It might take a little longer, but they could

have saved themselves the boiling water just by letting the shrimp stand out in the air for a while." But despite the heat, the shooting was superb.

In fact, it was so superb that nearly every major event went into overtime with dozens of shooters tied with perfect scores. The cannonade of competition blammed steadily away from dawn to unconsciousness, interrupted only by the rains. The silences during those breaks seemed eerie, underscored as they were with the occasional whistling of hobwhite quail from the surrounding piney woods. An aura of intense introspection dominated the scene. Skeet demands the utmost in concentration, since in this era of faultless guns and super-reliable ammo the levels of excellence are incredibly high, and a single miss—or lost bird, as the euphemism has it—can spell defeat. "If you miss by six inches," the saying goes, "it's usually the six inches between your ears."

Shooters respond to this pressure with fascinating psychological ploys. Some stand around automatically between shots, staring at the great invisible clay bird out beyond the horizon. Others sing to themselves (a favorite on most fields last week was *Roundups Keep Fallin' on My Head*) or else chatter away at their teammates like so many holler-guy shortstops. "Be tough now," they yell. "Be ready when you call. Give us a purty little swing now, that's it, you smoked him, now do the same for his little brother Wood to wood there, wood to wood. All raaaaah!" To smoke a bird is to hit it smack on with a full pattern of No. 9 chilled shot, thus causing the black and yellow clay to explode like a small flak burst. The second bird of a double is usually referred to as the first bird's little brother, a rather bloodthirsty allusion to the sport's roots in live game shooting. The slogan wood to wood is pure wing-shooting humor or something straight shooting requires that the comb of the shotgun's stock be firmly planted against the gunner's cheekbone. (Actually, the abrasions from the recoil of wood on skin during a long shoot can be very painful, many gunners smear their shooting-side cheek with talcum powder, a cosmetic technique that makes them look like half-painted Indians ready for the warpath.)

Though skeet shooters are generally more gentlemanly than their trapshoot-

continued

*Karla Roberts won big in the women's events; Paul Lepore was the men's overall champion.*

ing cousins, who compete for bigger purses and thus feel they cannot afford to be friendly to the competition, there is still a lot of psyching involved in the sport. Gunners who have shot perfect scores often show up at the field where their main competitor is shooting and just stand around giving him the evil eye. These types are known as hawkers, perhaps because of their baleful stare. The internal psych is also important. "I used to have a very mild-mannered call," says Joyce Luce, a 27-year-old housewife from Hebron, Conn., who won the women's 20-gauge title at Savannah last week. "When I mumbled 'pull' for the bird to be released from the trap, the referee would snarl at me to speak louder. Now I have a loud call, and in a way it concentrates me, makes me tougher." Though Joyce's call is hardly a war whoop, many of them are. The simple word "pull" in many throats becomes a growl, a grunt, a savage bellow.

Before she came down to Savannah, Joyce was already psyching herself for the meet. "I'd never seen the course," she recalls, "but I would dream about it, and in my dreams it was built on a swamp—the Okefenokee, I guess. There were snakes all over the place, and even an alligator. In my dream I would break three straight 75 birds—and then jump on my hike and pedal back home to Connecticut between rounds to tell my father. On the way back I'd fall in the swamp, with all those snakes, and miss the final round." In reality, Joyce had the finest week of her 14-year skeet shooting career, capturing her first world title and breaking 300 straight birds before she faltered. Then, in the women's 12-gauge final, she lost two birds in one round and was out of it.

No such hangups bothered Karla Roberts, a 36-year-old schoolteacher from St. Louis whose aplomb was equal to her girls. A huge, happy woman off the field, Karla was the personification of posed concentration when her gun came to her burly shoulder. In winning the women's .410, 28-gauge and 12-gauge events, she powdered a total of 545 birds in 550 shots to set a world record for women, beating the mark of 542 set eight years ago by Evelyn Jones of Dallas. "My husband and I took up skeet seven years ago to improve our hunting for rabbits and doves," Karla said, "and we got addicted. It's an expensive sport, and if I didn't teach we couldn't afford it. But it has its

compensations. I'm a member of a five-lady pick-up team that shoots each year against the U.S. Marine Corps team. We have our own little side bet that the losing team will buy champagne for the winner, and they had to buy for us the last two years." At Savannah last week, the leathernecks finally won, but Karla and her ladies didn't mind popping for the bubbly. After all, the Corps deserved to win something after Vietnam.

Among the men, the hottest shot during the opening fusillade of the week was Kenny Barnes of Bakersfield, Calif. A lean, long-haired tire dealer who also works as a licensed goose guide during the waterfowl season, Barnes won the Champion of Champions title in a shoot-off against five other gunners. All six broke 100 straight birds to reach the final, 25 each in the four gauges. Then Kenny had to kill 111 more before his rivals missed. "Most of the older gunners are game hunters as well," says Barnes, who at 34 is a bit long in the tooth for a skeet champ. "I got into skeet through hunting. Right now I have one of the most complete sets of mounted waterfowl in the U.S.—all of the geese and all but three of the North American ducks. I'm missing two Alaskan eiders and, would you believe it, a scoter, that dark feller with the orange knob on his bill. We just don't have 'em out West. I reckon that with practice and competition in skeet, I burn about 10,000 rounds of ammo a year. In a really hot waterfowl season I might burn a case—500 rounds. So you can see that skeet will sure make a better game shot out of you, if practice makes perfect."

Unfortunately for Barnes' later fortunes, the reverse did not hold true. After his win in the four-gun Champion of Champions match, he began losing birds, a few at a time but enough to drop him out of contention for the big prize: men's overall champion. That title would go to the man who missed the fewest times over 550 shots in .410, 28, 20 and 12 gauge. On what was supposed to be the final day of the shoot, with 500 shells burned, the leaders were John Durbin of St. Louis and Maxie Wright of Savannah, with two misses each, followed by Gary Lowe, an Indiana sharpshooter, and Paul Laporte from Montreal, who were three down. During the final 50 both Durbin and Wright lost a bird apiece—Maxie's on a disputed call that went against him only after the NSSA grievance committee con-

vened for an hour to argue the fly-antennae intricacies of clay fowl ups and downs. Wright, a former helicopter pilot who served in Vietnam and was discharged from the Army only a year ago with a bad back, waited around nervously until the decision was reached. When the decision went against him, precipitating a four-man shoot-off for the overall championship, his fine edge was gone. "Well," he philosophized before the shoot-off, "that's skeet. One little bit of clay out of all that tension, and there you are, caught up in a bet."

Came the morning of the high overall shoot-off and it was evident that one gunner at least was fully primed. Paul Laporte, the 45-year-old Montreal restaurateur (he owns a chicken joint named the Laurier Bar-B-Q), had managed only an hour of sleep the night before. "I killed birds all night long, maybe 10,000 of them," he said. A courtly Quebecois with a slight Gallic punch and dressed all in black like an aging gun-fighter at the O.K. Corral, Peerless Paul had lost birds—three of them—only in the first two rounds of overall, two with the .410 and one with the 28. "Then I vowed I would not miss again," he said. And he didn't. Killing his remaining birds with the bigger-bored 20- and 12-gauge guns, he came into the shoot-off with plenty of momentum and even more cool. Within 16 birds it was over. Lowe was the first to miss with the .410, with which the gunners began the overtime since it was the first gun in the original repertoire, losing his third bird out of the trap. Then Wright, the former chopper hopper, missed on his seventh clay. Durbin, searasy and stooped but a master of concentration, lavied to 16 birds and then blew a shot at the low house from the No. 6 post. The overall title belonged to the French-Canadian—his fourth come-from-behind victory of the season, following similar wins at the Lordship meet in Connecticut, in Puerto Rico and the Bluegrass in Louisville. "Rather like Arnold Palmer, don't you think?" he asked after the victory. It reinforced the golf analogy, but actually in his black turtleneck, black slacks, black shoes and cap Laporte came on, usually, more like Gary Player. His costume the has come to be known as the Black Chicken Hawk on the skeet tour) makes him feel mean, a major requisite for killing, even if only of artificial birds.

But the heat generated by his black



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clothing finally proved Paul's downfall in the last event, the "big gun" 12-gauge men's championship. On the ninth round of the shoot-off, which began with 25 gunners tied and had now reduced itself to a scant five survivors, Laporte missed an incoming bird from the low house at post No. 8. Up to that point he had killed 223 birds straight in overtime, a remarkable performance considering his age and the heat. He was shooting through a sky full of humidity and dragonflies, which had emerged that morning after the previous day's winds died down. "I saw that my gun was a little to the left of the bird and I tried to compensate," he said later, "but my finger was faster than my mind, and pow! I missed. Well, the overall was the big one for me, anyway. I am quite satisfied with four major high-overall victories in a single season, all of them retrieved from a position behind that of the leader."

By the time the 12-gauge championship was decided, so were the onlookers. It was nearly "bull but time"—that enchanted evening hour when the night-flying birds come out, and old-line Savanahs reach for the bourbon bottle—when the last shot was fired. Wali Badozek of Klamath Falls, Ore. finally moved on the 21st round of overtime and victory went to Bobby Lewis, 32, a farmequipment manufacturer from Basley, Ga. Lewis, a member of the host Forest City Gun Club, had killed 762 birds straight to win the title—250 in the basic competition and 512 in overtime. That was a new record of its own for the most shots fired in a World Championship shoot-off. For Lewis the victory was doubly gratifying. Some time ago he totaled a foot in a motorcycle accident and for five years shot from crutches. He still wears a brace on the damaged leg.

So for Lewis, Laporte and Barnes, Joyce Luce and Karla Roberts, and so many other excellent marksmen, the long, ear-banging ordeal was finally over. Skeet shooting may not be much of a spectator sport—indeed it is even more painful for the watcher than the shooter, despite the lack of recoil—but it is certainly a worthy endeavor for anyone who cares for concentration. Now that it was over, though, happiness was a warm shower, a cold beer, and a mind free from the presence of phantom, flying clay birds, all of them spinning off unhurt. The warm-gun fun would come again—and again.

END

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In the Sky Bar on the roof of the El Cortez Hotel, a guy was playing show tunes on the piano—*Move over world, nothing can stop me now, I'm a star, do you hear, a star?* He had a pleasant voice but one that was unlikely to get him out of San Diego. The lights of the bag jets came right past the windows of the Sky Bar as they headed for the runway. You could see the airport lit up against the crow-hus of the bay. At the bar Leo Durocher snapped his lighter to a Parliament cigarette and ordered a J&B and water. Hub Kittle, the pitching coach, reached for his ballfold.

"This one's on me, Leo," he said.  
"You open that thing and moths are gonna fly out of it," Durocher said. "You ain't had that thing open in 20 years. You're the only guy I know who saves money on his per diem. What'd you spend for lunch today, Hub? A dollar? How much?"

Kittle looked at Durocher for a while. Leo was wearing three shades of orange, with a sweater over a turtleneck. His hair was slicked back and darkened. In the faint light of the bar Durocher could have been 20 years younger than his registered age of 67. Kittle put his cigar into an ash tray and said, "About two dollars."

"Get that cigar away from me," Durocher said. "I hate cigar smoke. It stinks. Especially cigars like you smoke, Hub. If you paid three for a dime for those cigars, you got robbed."

Durocher turned and winked at Grady Hutton, another coach. That night the Houston Astros, managed by Durocher, had nearly blown a game to the San Diego Padres. The Padres don't very often beat anybody. But that night, five runs behind, they had loaded the bases on the last of the ninth with nobody out. Down in the bullpen Kittle took off his cap and waved it to show a relief pitcher was ready. The new pitcher walked in a run on four pitches.

"Two liked to knocked the hitter's knees off, and the other two bounced in the dirt," Durocher said. "If you ain't a hell of a coach! What do you think about down there?"

"If he just puts the ball over the plate and the guy knocks it out of the park, we're still one run ahead," said Hutton

## 'I TALK REAL POLITE AND NICE'

That is the Leo Durocher who gets cornered by troublemakers, but at 67 he can still fly e hide when he chooses to by EDWIN SHRAKE

Kittle looked at both of them for a moment and then asked the bartender for a beer. "I swear he appeared to be ready, Leo," Kittle said. "He was coming in with his stuff. Said he felt real good. How did I know he couldn't get it over when he got in the game?"

"You're the coach. You're supposed to know. I'll tell you frankly, Hub, I was against you from the beginning for this job. They hired you over my violent protest. You must have some pull upstairs, or you wouldn't be here," Durocher said.

Durocher turned and winked at Hutton again. Kittle thought about it and laughed. "You're kidding me, Leo," he said.

"The hell I'm kidding," said Durocher. "You know what I'm gonna recommend for you? Hey, Grady, what's the name of that place where they send the rookies?"

"Covington," Hutton said.

"Well, Hub, that's what I'm gonna recommend," said Durocher. "I'm gonna see if they won't send you down to Covington to work with the babies. That's where you belong. Bartender, gimme the check for everybody."

Durocher stood up and signed the check. He stands very erect and moves like a young man. Kittle sat and looked at him, not sure anymore what Durocher intended. Finally Kittle laughed.

"I'll do whatever you say, Leo," Kittle said.

"Damn right you will," said Durocher.

On his way to the elevator Durocher gave Hutton another exaggerated wink. Durocher grinned and wiggled a thumb back toward the perplexed Kittle to show that this was just a good-time rib, just some good old boys having a little fun with each other. But Kittle couldn't see him. Durocher was scowling when he

stepped onto the elevator. Hutton looked over at Kittle.

"Leo's gotten kind of mellow," Hutton said. "In the old days, Hub, he would have really cut you up."

A week or so earlier, Leo Durocher was sitting in his office in the home team locker room down inside the Astrodome in Houston. It is a small room with a desk, a couple of chairs and a private bath. The Astros had just lost a game to the Cubs and had slid deeper into third place in the Western Division of the National League. Durocher is a Leo, born July 27, 1906, and his pride needs a lot of feeding. The Astros had been beaten by the team Durocher managed for six and a half years, until he quit in the middle of last season. Durocher was irritated over losing, especially to the Cubs. It is supposed to be a Leo trait to shout frequently that he is surrounded by idiots, which is something Durocher shouted from time to time in Chicago, to the huge displeasure of many of those who surrounded him.

Durocher smoked a cigarette and stared out the door as players walking down the hall. It is a peculiar feeling to be alone in a small room with a man who was a celebrity before most people in the United States ever heard of Hitler. Durocher played shortstop for the New York Yankees briefly in 1925 and returned three years later as a regular on the team that had Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and the rest. He used to ride to Yankee Stadium in Babe Ruth's Packard limousine. He played for Frankie Frisch on the famous Gas House Gang in St. Louis with Pepper Martin and the Dean brothers when Bonnie and Clyde were still banging around on dusty Texas roads. He was the manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers team that accepted the first black man, Jackie Robinson, into the

continued

big leagues, but did not get to manage Robinson in his first year, 1947, because he was banned from baseball that season for allegedly associating with gangsters and other low types. That same year he got the Catholic Youth Organization against him, in part for marrying Laraine Day, a Mormon and a movie actress. After the ban the Catholic Youth Organization agreed to quit boycotting Ebbets Field. The year after the Korean war started, Bobby Thomson hit his famous home run to win the pennant for the New York Giants, managed by Durocher. Durocher's 1954 Giants won the World Series in four straight from Cleveland, with Spencer Tracy acting as Leo's lucky piece. Then Durocher became a television executive, a job in which he could trade on his friendship with the stars.

In other words, Leo Durocher is more of an American institution than Colonel Sanders. Before this country ever heard of Kennedy, Nixon, Gable, Disney, Farhart, DiMaggio, Presley, Flash Gordon or Dr. Spock, people knew about Leo Durocher.

"Why should I talk to a magazine guy?" Durocher said, dragging on a cigarette in his office. He speaks deliberately and forcefully, the way he walks, and is inclined to repeat a phrase or a whole sentence—"Why should I talk to a magazine guy, why should I talk to a magazine guy?"—so that you expect him to retrace his steps when he is walking someplace: going twice to the elevator, for example, instead of getting on just once.

"I don't talk to magazine guys. Why should I tell you anything about my life? It'll all be in the book I'm writing. Irving Lazar is my agent for the book. Best there is. Got \$150,000 in front. Not too bad, is it? Not too bad, is it? So how could anybody hope to write something if I didn't tell you, which I won't, about what happened between me and Mr. Rickey, or me and Horace Stoneham, or me and Larry MacPhail, or me and Mr. Weil from Cincinnati? They ain't gonna tell you, and neither am I.

"Of course, a writer could make up stuff about me, but he better be careful or I'll drop the weight on him," Durocher said. "A lot of times I get blamed for things I got no control over. Like when Stoneham didn't speak to me for a year. We won the Series in '54, and they gave me a big stag dinner at Hillcrest Country Club. The dusk was as long as

this clubhouse, and there was \$5 million worth of talent up there. You name 'em. George Jessel was M.C., I could start there. Sinatra, Dean Martin, Hope, Burns, Danny Kaye, Danny Thomas. Name all the big stars in Hollywood, they were there. They ribbed me pretty good. Ribbed me pretty good. Now you and I both know Horace Stoneham takes a drink here and there, mostly there. So Danny Kaye got up with his shirttail out and said something to make it sound like Horace. Christ, I didn't know Danny was gonna do that. But Horace wouldn't speak to me afterward. How could I stop Danny Kaye? He's one of my closest friends.

"I've known Frank Sinatra since he was a kid working at the Rustic Cabin in Jersey. Him and Jackie Gleason got a sandwich, cup of coffee and \$2 a night. Francis is one of my very closest friends. Very closest. This park could be filled with 60,000 people and I could have done something you and I and everybody else knows is wrong, and Francis would walk up beside me and say, 'He's right.' Loyally, that's what makes a friend . . . not some guy who'll put you on the back when you're on top."

Durocher lives in the off-season in Palm Springs, just off Frank Sinatra Drive, with his wife Lynn and her three children. They have a lot of art around the house, including a Chagall. One evening last winter Durocher played cards with Sinatra at Tamiami after a golf game, and then got into his electric cart to drive home in the desert's sudden dark. "I know where every palm tree on the course is," Durocher said back in his office in the Astrodome. He stood up and began stripping off his uniform. He is in exceptional condition for a man his age. Durocher is 5' 10" and keeps his weight at around 170 by going on an occasional diet in which he eats nothing but steak. "I know where every palm tree on the course is. So, wham, I run head on into a big one and break three ribs."

Durocher laughed and mentioned that he and Sinatra are often faced with violence when either of them goes to a restaurant or a nightclub. Sinatra travels with bodyguards. If he can, Durocher uses his mouth and sometimes his friends for protection. "There's always some guy following me into the men's room and saying, 'You're Leo Durocher, you pop off all the time, you think you're a big shot.' I talk real polite and nice and just

try to get out. I don't want no beef with anybody. Two years ago in Palm Springs I had dinner at Sinatra's and went over to Jilly's later to meet Francis and the boys. Half a dozen of my players were in there—Santo and Peppone and some others—so I sat down with Hank Aguirre. It was real crowded and some stranger, a big guy, hit me a shot for no reason. Well, Chuck Connors, he's a close personal friend of mine, he come right over that table without touching it and got the guy by the neck and bent him over the bar and said, 'That's Leo Durocher you hit, you'll be lucky to get out of here alive.' So the guy run off, and I didn't do anything. But if there'd been a newspaperman there, they'd have reported Durocher is in a brawl again."

Durocher walked toward the shower. From his neck swung a gold chain with a gold St. Christopher's medal on it. On the back side of the medal it said **NO PENCILIN**.

Tommy Helms, the Astro second baseman, put his cards down on the table in the visitors' clubhouse in San Diego and said, "Gin."

Durocher flipped through the remaining cards in the pile. "You dummy, you never pick up a bad hand, do you?" he said. "You fall right into every card. Pure dummy luck. Two more cards. I get what I'm waiting on, and wham!"

Ferguson Jenkins, the Chicago Cub pitcher, said in his book that if Durocher drops you from the card game and stops calling you dummy, he has dropped you for good. Jenkins said Durocher would play cards for months with some guy and one day ignore him from then on. He said part of the trouble Durocher had with the Cubs came from those card games.

As Durocher tells it, playing cards had nothing to do with his troubles with the Cubs. He quit as manager in the middle of last season because the team wasn't doing as well as he thought it should. As usual, Durocher had a tempestuous time of it during his six and a half years in Chicago. To begin with, the Cubs had finished eighth the year before Leo came in, and he immediately made his famous statement. "This is not an eighth-place ball club." So the Cubs finished 10th the first season under Durocher.

But the Cubs were never lower than third again while he was there. That sounds like a pretty good record, but Du-

*continued*



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rocher still got on the wrong side of most of the Chicago press and many of the players. The way some of the Chicago press and TV people talk about Durocher even today, you might think he had singlehandedly fouled Luke Michigan. In 1969 the Cubs blew a 9½-game lead in August and September and wound up in second place, eight games behind the Mets. The press hit Durocher hard about that. In 1971 there was an incident in the clubhouse when Durocher tore off his uniform and told the team he was quitting, supposedly while Santo (according to Jenkins) was being restrained from punching him. The next year, in July, Durocher finally did go to Phil Wrigley and resign.

Then Leo was in bed one night in his 11-room penthouse apartment in Chicago, and the phone rang. Durocher had figured he was through with baseball. He had planned a trip around the world with his wife, and they'd just finished their shots. But he says he could sense that this phone call might change everything. On the line was Spec Richardson, general manager of the Astros.

Spec asked if Leo would like a job. "You've already got a manager," Durocher replied. Spec said no, Harry Walker had just been fired, and could Leo take over the club the next night. After a few more phone calls, including one from Durocher to Phil Wrigley, Durocher agreed to be in Houston in uniform the next day. He hung up at last and looked at Lynn. "Helsinki . . . Tokyo . . . Seoul . . . Bangkok . . . Singapore . . . Rome . . . London . . . Paris . . . HOUSTON?" she said.

"Sure. I was surprised when I heard Leo had got the job," Grady Hatton said. He was sitting in the dugout watching the players take batting practice an hour before a game. Hatton is no ordinary coach. He was the Astro manager for two and a half years and later was a vice-president and special scout for the organization. Hatton and Spec Richardson are frequent companions of Judge Roy Hofheinz, the owner, who is now in a wheelchair after a stroke.

"I knew Harry Walker was going," Hatton said. "I'd been in meetings about it. But I never heard Leo's name come up. I thought the trend would be toward a younger manager. I was on a scouting assignment when I heard about Leo. Last October Leo asked me if I'd get back in

uniform and help him. I had to resign as vice-president, but the judge says I can come back."

Preston Gomez, also a former big-league manager, runs the team on the field from the third-base coaching box. Hatton stays beside Durocher in the dugout. "I sit right beside Leo. I handle the paper work, the changes in the lineup, keep up with the bullpen. Leo is at an age when he may not think of all those things. When the club's at home, I work with the hitters and the infielders. The coaches go to the Dome at 3:30 in the afternoon to work with players. Leo's not there then, so we tell him what we've done."

For a giddy period earlier in the summer, the Astros climbed into first place. They did it by winning 14 of 17 games while Durocher was in the hospital with an infected colon (Leo says it was the celebrated Dr. Michael DeBakey who cured him). "The players went on a rampage," Hatton said. "We could hardly do anything wrong. In one game we had so many injuries that we had to let the pitcher, Jim Ray, hit in a crucial situation. We told him to strike out if he could, anything but hit into a double play. He said that was the first time he'd ever had both teams pulling against him at once. So wouldn't you know it, he got a base hit and won the game."

Spec Richardson remembers sitting down on the night he fired Harry Walker and writing five or six names on a piece of paper. One of the names was Leo Durocher's. Without conferring with anyone, Spec says he phoned Durocher and offered him the job. "Leo's age didn't bother me," Spec says. "I thought our club ought to be doing better, and Leo might fire 'em up."

"I wouldn't have taken the job if it had been some team like Texas or San Diego," Durocher said. He was walking toward the locker room at Candlestick Park wearing a three-shades-of-purple outfit with a turtleneck over a sweater. "Houston has the nucleus of a top ball club. I couldn't spend years trying to build a team."

"I'll tell you, the players make the manager. A good manager can win six, seven, eight games in a season. All big-league managers are different, but we all know the game. No manager is smarter than I am, and I'm no smarter than any of the others. I may gamble where an-

other manager is conservative. But a manager has got to have the right guy on the field to get the job done, no matter what his philosophy is."

Durocher signed some autographs, the papers flapping in the cool, windy afternoon. "So a manager likes to know people have confidence in him. Like what happened to me in the middle of 1948. I was managing Brooklyn. I went in to Mr. Rickey and said, 'I want to ask you two questions. The first is, am I still the manager?' He said yes, I was. 'The second question, then,' I said, 'is will I be the manager at the end of the season?' Mr. Rickey turned and looked out the window. Well, it was nine o'clock at night and pitch dark outside. That's when I told Mr. Rickey to give me the phone, and I called Horace Stoneham and became manager of the Giants."

Durocher was pulling on his road uniform with the No. 2 on the back. Players wandered through the locker room. One player had just been telling how the house doctor in a certain city refuses to enter the visiting locker room when Durocher is in town. "Leo could never be a general manager because he always had too many enemies," the player said.

"I don't think I've mellowed any," Durocher said a few minutes later. "You might call it mellowed in a sense, because you can't manage like you did years ago. Players are more sensitive, got more freedom, got a union, make big money. If I holler at a \$200,000 bonus kid, and he packs and goes home, it's me the owner is gonna come down on."

"When you lost a game under old John McGraw, you didn't dare untie a shoelace until he left the clubhouse. He would be dressed in street clothes, and he'd roll up his sleeves and wash his hands and arms like a doctor. Do it several times. Maybe for hours. And you'd sit there and not dare move until he was gone. Now if you want to let a young kid something, you've got to take him into the office, shut the door and explain it to him. There's not as many good ballplayers now, either, because kids can play golf or tennis, things no young kids could do in the olden days. But, hell, it's baseball. It's been my life."

Durocher tugged on the bill of his cap and glanced at himself in the mirror. "I've never wanted to do anything else," he said. "Politics, show business, big business, none of that stuff. Baseball's it for me. It's been my life."

## TRYING THE DANCE OF SHIVA



ILLUSTRATION BY EMMA BULLINS

Yogi tennis is a strange business, this esteemed business writer finds on consulting the gurus at Esalen. The perfect game is in him—in fact, in everyone—he is informed, if only he will allow his serve to serve itself

I used to think that if I had a genie I would ask for a tennis serve, one that could knock over the empty tennis ball can set in the backhand corner of the receiver's court. It would be under such control that it could be guided to a six-inch-square target, and it would zing away with a high bounce. Then the ladies would fight to play with me in doubles and the men would cover 10 feet behind the other baseline.

But the serve that did exist for me was far short of being magical. So when I learned that the Esalen Institute in San Francisco was going to put on a sports weekend with yoga tennis as one of the features, I had some self-improvement in mind. One doesn't think normally of Esalen and sports unless the sports are encountering and catharting and breaking into tears when the *Gesalt* hits and things like that. You would expect Mike Murphy, the founder of Esalen, to be a dreamy mystic in goatee and sandals. Murphy is a dreamy mystic, but everybody says he looks like a Stanford fraternity president. I don't know what Stanford fraternity presidents look like these days, but you could certainly cast him in that role if you were remaking a college musical.

Murphy's passions include meditation, the philosophy of Sri Aurobindo and playing golf with John Brodie, the 49er quarterback, and he is the author of *Golf in the Aurobindo*, which is either a book about golf seen through mysticism or a book about mysticism seen through golf, or maybe both. Brodie once talked about changes of consciousness in 49er games, time slowing down and moments of clarity, so Brodie is a prized recruit in the consciousness movement. "Athletes," he said, "get into a kind of beingness when they're playing, but they don't have a supporting philosophy or discipline." Brodie was at the Esalen weekend along with masters of such Oriental disciplines as *ta'chi* and *aikido*.

I went to a session of all the instructors before the weekend. It was the first time many of them had met. "We have these experiences in sport," one said,

"but there is no language in which to talk about them, so no one knows anyone else has them." Because there is no adequate language, these experiences have remained a bit ambiguous, but they are what the late psychologist Abraham Maslow called peak experiences, moments of exhilaration and clarity and awareness. In sports it is the click that tells you the shot is good before you know that the shot is good. It is another space than the one we usually inhabit, so that you could say the feeling is one of being stoned by the sports experience. We had a gentleman from a surfing and diving ashram who said, "I had a diver who was skeptical, and then one day, in just 30 feet of water, something happened, and he said that suddenly he felt absolutely at one with the ocean, and he could hear grains of sand on the bottom, and he spent almost an hour listening to the grains of sand, and his life has been changed ever since."

Our aikido master said we would be talking about energy flows. "There is an energy being in addition to the physical being, but we do not emphasize the Oriental terms *ki* or *chi*, otherwise people think, aw, that's Oriental stuff, and actually they've been doing it all the time in their tennis and football and what have you. It is enough to say, 'Cool and centered, you play a better game.'"

Torben Ulrich, the Danish touring pro, came by to see what was going on. He wasn't officially part of the weekend, but philosophically he belonged. "The egoless game goes much farther than the ego game," he said. "The Western world is so oriented to winning that the temptation of winning is there almost always. But, 'I would like to become a better tennis player' really has nothing to do with winning. The tennis court, seen as a mandala, . . ."

A mandala is a schematic or geometric representation of the cosmos, sometimes used as a meditation object. I interrupted him. "What does that mean, the tennis court is a mandala?"

"It doesn't mean anything. It is a mandala if you choose to see it as a mandala, a confined space made an object of activity. If we are centered around the court as an object, then the court is a mandala."

I am lucky I caught this dialogue on a tape cassette. If you say it to yourself a couple of times, it makes better sense.

"Does that mean it makes your tennis better?"

"No, it doesn't mean anything because you can see the court as anything you like. I don't think it has much meaning. But if you take it very far, then sooner or later you have to see the court as a mandala. Sooner or later."

I began to think that while my consciousness might indeed expand, my tennis was not necessarily going to improve.

"Isn't this exciting?" Murphy said. I asked him why Esalen was getting involved in athletics. "Sport anticipates what the Divine Essence is," he said. "Sport is a Western yoga. The Dance of Shiva. Pure play. Non-utilitarian, the delight in the moment, the Now. We need a more balanced and evolutionary culture. We already have physical mobility. Why shouldn't we have psychic mobility, too, the ability to move psychically into different states? The whole movement of life is to a higher consciousness."

We had two yoga tennis instructors, both recently teachers at John Gardiner's Tennis Ranches. Tim Galloway was dark and slender and had been on the Harvard tennis team, he had been involved in Moral Re-Armament and had a flash of enlightenment with the 15-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji. Rick Champion had been on the Michigan State freshman tennis team and then was a salesman of business forms and a teaching pro; unlike Galloway, who was conventionally dressed, Champion wore a beard and a turban. He had been influenced by some of the precepts of Yogi Bujjan Singh and is now called Baba Rick.

"We learn tennis element by element," Galloway said. "If we learned it as totality, we could learn it in one hundredth the time. Our biggest problem is Ego, is trying too hard. We know how to play tennis. Perfect tennis is in us all. We are not learning something outside and bringing it in, we are discovering the tennis we already know. Everyone knows how to ride a bicycle, and just before we really ride for the first time, we know we know. The problem with Ego is that it has to achieve, we are not sure who we are until by achieving we become. So we hit the ball out and the Ego says, 'Ugh, out.' Then it starts to give commands, 'Do it right.' We shouldn't have a judgment. The ball goes there, not out. Ninety percent of the bad things students do

continued

are intentional corrections of something else they are doing. We have to let the body experiment and bypass the mind. The mind acts like a sergeant with the body a private. How can anybody play as a duality?"

Since I have a mind that is constantly going, "Watch the ball!" and, "Move your feet, dummy," I recognized the sergeant's voice right away. What do you do about the sergeant?

"You have to check the mind, to pre-occupy it, stop it from fretting. Look at the ball. Look at the *avanti* on the ball, watch the pattern, get preoccupied so the mind can't judge. In between points put your mind on your breathing. In, out. In, out. A quiet mind is the secret of yoga tennis. Most people think concentration is fierce effort. Watch your facial muscles after you hit the ball. Are they tensed or relaxed? Concentration is effortless effort, is not *trying*. The body is sophisticated, its computer commands hundreds of muscles instantly, it is wise about itself, the Ego isn't."

"Higher consciousness is not a mystical term. You see more when all of your energy runs in the same direction. Concentration produces joy, so we look for things that will quiet the mind."

I could see that parking the mind would be essential. I sat next to Jascha Heifetz once at a dinner party and asked him what he thought about when he was giving a concert. He said if the concert was on a Saturday night he thought about the smoked salmon and the marvelous bagel he was going to have the next morning. If he was thinking about the bagel, then who was thinking about the concerto? His hands.

"But," I asked Gullwey, "don't you have to know the right form before you can park the mind?"

The body seeks out the right form if the mind doesn't get in the way, Gullwey said. No teen-ager could do the monkey, or whatever teen-age dance is going on now, if he had to do it from a set of instructions, but by observing he can learn a dance in one night.

You could find some support for this visual learning theory on any inner-city playground—or any playground, for that matter. You can see nine-year-olds who have never had any basketball instruction, who have the head fakes and body motions, in appropriate size, of Walt Frazier and Willis Reed. All learned from that great teacher, instant replay.

"You have to talk to the body in its native language," Gullwey said. "Its native language is not English, it is sight and feel, mostly sight. The stream of instructions most students get are verbal and have to be translated by the body before they are understood. If you are taking a tennis lesson, let the pro show you, don't let him tell you. If you want the ball to go to a cross-court corner, get an image of where you want the ball to go and let the body take it over. Say, 'Body, cross-court corner, please.'"

Baba Rick took over from Tim Gullwey and gave us his four rules for successful tennis. Somehow, they seemed to echo Satchel Paige's rules for right living. They were:

- 1) Relax.
- 2) Keep your weight on the underside—on the soles of the feet, the bottom of the chin and shoulders.
- 3) Stay one-pointed.
- 4) Extend it.

"*Ki?*" asked one of our audience. Coaches and physical education people made up most of the group. I had the feeling they were open-minded coaches who might send football players to modern dance if that would improve their rhythm and timing.

"*Ki*, energy," said Baba Rick. "*Ki* is the link to the Universal."

"When somebody serves with real power at you, is that *ki*? What do you do?"

"That could be just muscle power," Baba Rick said. "Block it and send it back."

"Your opponent is not your enemy but your friend, who brings resources out of you by challenge," Gullwey said. "Your enemy is the distracted mind, which is into fear and expectation and doesn't live in the present."

We went outside to the tennis courts. Most pros, Gullwey said, give a constant stream of commands in teaching—side-ways to the net, keep the racket flat and so on. This just helps the Ego self and, as Satchel Paige would say, angries up the mind.

On the tennis courts we divided into pairs, pitched balls to each other, watched the seams of the balls and hit. "Be aware of the sound your racket makes on a good shot because your body will unconsciously remember the sweet sound and try to repeat it," Gullwey said.

We had several people in our group

who hadn't played tennis before or hadn't played very much. Gullwey pulled one of the novices out. Gullwey hit a smooth forehand. The novice hit a forehand over the fence. And another one. The third shot stayed in the court. Silently Gullwey hit another forehand. "Be aware of where your racket head is when you finish your swing." The novice extended his follow-through a bit more and got a ball into the court. His next ball went over the fence again.

Each of us tried two serves. "Let the serve serve itself," Gullwey said. "When I first used this technique my serve got hot. Then I thought, 'Wow, I've mastered the serve,' and immediately it got cold because it was me, not the serve, serving itself." The serves we hit were against the fence, and I didn't feel any click of supersensory awareness. I heard an Ego voice saying, "That was the same old serve you always serve."

I had a question about imagining the ball into the corner. Was that the power of positive thinking, Norman Vincent Peale?

"Oh, no," Gullwey said. "Positive thinking is negative thinking in disguise. If you double fault six times in a row your positive thinking will flip to negative. So I try not to pay compliments to students because the compliment can always be withheld on the next shot. What we are talking about is *no thinking*."

It seems, at first, a marvelously Rousseauian philosophy. Man is born with a perfect tennis game, but he is everywhere in chains. You don't need a tennis pro, with his negative instructions, you need a mose of each shot and a ball machine to drill with.

But it was hard for me to see the difference between Gullwey saying, "Be aware of your racket head" and a pro saying, "Follow through, where is your racket head?"

"The distinction is that the pro says good shot, bad shot," Gullwey said. "I just want to focus awareness, not make a judgment."

Is perfect tennis really in everybody, without help? Most beginners do not slip instinctively into the right strokes, even with negativism removed. They tend to swing at volleys instead of blocking or punching. If the ball is consistently going out, they tend to raise the racket head on the backswing to hit down instead of dropping the racket head on the backswing to get more top spin.

*continued*

# THIS COUNTRY HAS THE BIGGEST DRINKING PROBLEM IN THE WORLD.



A sobering thought from the car that gives you 25 miles to the gallon.\*

So I suppose what is needed is not just a movie and a bull machine but a wise pro. A tennis guru.

Two weeks after the Esalen weekend I had a chance to try yoga tennis back to back with the best of the traditional drills, ones given at John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch in Scottsdale, Ariz. I had been through the Gardiner clinic before. The drills were fun, the strategy was percentage strategy, the ranch was elegant and my serve emerged unscathed.

In the mornings I drilled away at the Gardiner clinic, forehands, backhands, volleys and overheads. And in the early evening I went to yoga tennis because Rick Champion or, rather, Baba Rick, was teaching in Scottsdale at his high school courts. I had also read *Zen in the Art of Archery* because it occurred to me that yoga tennis is actually a misnomer. Yoga means union, but to some people it is a guy in diapers standing on his head or the RCAF exercises without push-ups. But it isn't a sport, and Zen archery seems more applicable to tennis. The student in Zen archery went through many of the same upstrokes as a beginning tennis student. He tried to tell his right hand to release properly with his sergeant mind. The Zen Master never coached him. The Master said, "The right shot at the right moment does not come because you do not let go of yourself... the right art is purposeless, aimless! What stands in your way is that you have a much too willful will. You think that what you do not do yourself does not happen." Breathing exercises were to detach the student from the world, to increase a concentration that would be comparable to "the jolt that a man who has stayed up all night gives himself when he knows that his life depends on all his senses being alert." Nothing more is required of the student than he copy the teacher. "The teacher does not harass and the pupil does not overtax himself."

In our small yoga tennis class it was an hour or more before we got onto the court. First we sat in a circle and breathed "ahhhhh." Then we breathed with alternate nostrils. We chanted *Om Namah Shivaya*. A nice, pleasant singing. *Om Namo Givera Deva Na-Mo* (The chant is not a sentence and does not really have a meaning; the words have to do with the Divinity, the Teacher, the Divine Nature and the Divinity possible in creation.) Then we concentrated on the

center of energy, below the navel, and moving that energy out through the arm.

We took to the court, paired off and practiced putting balls to each other, watching the pattern on the ball. It seemed ludicrously simple, standing on the service line putting balls, but my mind began to rumble around like Melly Bloom's. It would do anything rather than empty and stay on the patterns of the ball: What's for dinner? What time is it? How long are we going to do this? How am I going to start the speech to the Harvard Business School Club of Arizona on Saturday? What time is it?

My nine-year-old, who attended both yoga tennis and Gardiner's, said, "That breathing is very relaxing, but I like to run around the court more."

The next day at Gardiner's I tried my yoga tennis during the clinic. It wasn't a notable success. My sergeant mind, ever adaptable, had simply picked up the vocabulary of yoga tennis instead of the usual command, "Follow through, dummy," it was now saying, "Extend *Ar* dummy, you didn't do it that time." I tried a racket mantra with the ball machine: inhale, racket back, pause, exhale and hit. But by the time I said, "Inhale, racket back," the ball was already past me and I was off balance and slicing. I did notice at Gardiner's the hurrage of negativity. My fellow students all brought their sergeant minds, and they apologized constantly. "I always get my racket back too late. It's my follow-through, I don't follow through enough," and so on. They had heard these things before, and the pros reinforced them: "Get your racket back, you're not following through." So everybody was agreed: the sergeant *I*gos and the teaching staff. We were dummkopfs. The atmosphere was cheerful because the pros had such good humor, but by the end of the session we were depressed because we had learned 200 different things we did wrong, and perfect strokes seemed impossible.

The staff took video tapes of our strokes. One pro said I had a great serving motion. That was because there was no ball in it. "I serve fantastically as long as there's no ball," I said. "I should have been an *Blow-Up*."

"Your toes isn't going to the same place each time," the pro said.

"I know that," I said. "I tell it to, but it won't."

"You have to drill," the pro said. "Get

a basket of balls and hit a hundred serves."

"I've done that," I said. "The first 10 are the best, then they run downhill. If I get as a match I don't want to double fault, so I don't let my serve uncork all the way."

I know what the Zen Master would say to this. He would say, "You do not serve. It serves. You are still trying to serve; when it goes in, you think you have done it yourself."

One day the Zen student of archery loosed a shot and the Master howled and said, "Just then it shot," and the student gave a whoop of delight which made the Master angry, for this wasn't the student's achievement, and there he was taking the credit.

There are some playing pros, according to my Zen tennis teachers, who are well into these forms of concentration without articulating them. Rosewall gets mentioned a lot. Billie Jean King it is said, meditates upon a tennis ball. And Stan Smith. I bet if you asked Stan Smith what he was thinking about during those perfect serves he would say the bagel he was going to have for breakfast the next morning. A grooved game means you can play without your head.

As for me, I haven't had a chance to play since my last yoga tennis lesson, and the path to the true game looks more difficult than crossing the razor's edge. So I can't, like the Zen archery student, finish this report with success, mindful that I have only just begun and the Zen archery student did get restless in his fourth year of instruction. Depressed, he said to the Master that he hadn't managed yet to get one single arrow off right or it hadn't appeared to loose the arrow and his stay in Japan was limited and after all, he had been at it for four years.

"The way to the goal is not to be measured!" said the Master. "Of what importance are weeks, months, years?"

To the teachers of Zen tennis, or Yoga tennis, or whatever it is we call it, the techniques are not to provide winning tennis necessarily but to put the player into the right frame of consciousness after which, as the Zen Master said, "You will see with other eyes and measure with other measures." Meanwhile, the Path is there, and I plan to get around to it sometime. A tennis court is a tennis court, but when you really get into it, it's a mandala, woman or later.

END



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The most coveted sports trophy is not the elegant \$4,000 silver creation that goes to the winner of horse racing's Triple Crown. It is not the \$40 gold medal that symbolizes an Olympic triumph. Nor is it the \$10,000 jeweled gold Hackel belt that goes to the professional athlete of the year.

The most fought-over trophy just has to be a little mass-produced plastic and base metal statue, worth about \$5 at most, that goes to a new American breed, the more than 10,000 children who race undersized motorcycles at some 1,500 to 2,000 tracks around the country. The kids spend their waking hours thinking about the trophies, and their parents will do almost anything—including spending thousands of dollars and in some cases flouting the rules—to get the trophies into the house.

In the modest Downey, Calif. home of a machine-shop worker there is a bedroom that in many ways seems typical of a 15-year-old daughter. The bed is canopied and covered with stuffed animals; there are nail polish and other cosmetics on the dressing table. But the girl is a minicycle racer. Her trophies fill every inch of table and shelf space in her bedroom and spill over onto the floor, in-

deed spill over into the adjoining hall, the den and the living room.

The girl and her family are up to their ears in trophies, and the proud father can tell how each was won. "This was our first," he will say. "This one's just for third, we didn't do so good that time. But this one we got in the Winter Nationals in Florida. My daughter's pretty famous, you know. We've gotten a lot of fan mail for her."

A father, mother and two boys who live in a nearby neighborhood have almost 200 trophies and have run out of room for them. Every time they win a new one, the boys send an old one to their grandparents in Colorado. Eventually even the grandparents will probably have to call a halt and send some of the trophies to casual friends.

Kids may shoot marbles for fun, may play catch for fun, may shoot baskets for fun—but in bike racing it's the trophies

that matter. One racing father recalls: "We got our son his first bike when he was six, but he just didn't get anywhere. He was never even close to the leaders. Then we heard about a track where they gave 100% trophies, a trophy for every kid who entered. So we drove up there one night—80 miles through rotten traffic—to get us a trophy."

"Of course, that was just breaking the ice," the father says. "Now my son is nine and he's got 72 trophies. My daughter, who is 12, got into it, too, and she's got 16. She could have a lot more, but

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# DOWN WILL COME BABY, CYCLE AND ALL

*Among the lessons learned at mother's knee these days are drink your milk, watch your reruns and come home with that trophy* by ERNEST HAVEMANN



## MINIMEN

continued

you know how girls are. They get spels. She quit it for a while after she dumped her bike and then she got dumped again when she was hit from behind, and quit some more. But I think she's coming along all right now." The little girl tends to agree. "I've been thinking that maybe I'd like to be a pro racer when I get old enough," she says. Her father beams.

The children's racing circuit is a form of Little League for rugged individualists. There are tracks from one end of the nation to the other, and any kid on a motor-driven pair of wheels can enter any race anywhere for a fee of from \$2 to \$10. At most tracks there are races for babies, ages 2½ to 6. There are other races limited to 7- and 8-year-olds, others for 9- to 11-year-olds, others for children 12 through 16. (At 17 a child is considered too old for the miniature machines and has to graduate to the big motorcycles if he wants to keep racing, which most of them say they plan to do.) The winner in every class gets a trophy. So, usually, do the second- and third- and even up to fifth-place finishers. In the 100¢-trophy races a youngster takes home a prize just for showing up at the starting line—even if, as often happens, he falls off at the first turn or the bike quits running long before the checkered flag.

How many little bike racers are there in the country? Nobody really knows, but there are enough to make the manufacture, sale and servicing of minicycles a big business and to justify a thriving magazine named *MiniCycle*, which now ap-

pears every month fat with ads for manufacturing companies like Attes, Chaparral, Gemini, Hodaka, Honda, Indian, Kuni, Kawasaki, Yamaha, Rupp, Simplex and Steen. The magazine descriptions of the new bikes tell a lot about the heretofore competitive world of miniracing: "Hell on wheels," "This one's deadly," "Goes straight for the jugular."

The quest for minitrophies is no mini-game, financially speaking. Even a pee-wee bike for the 2½- to 6-year-olds costs around \$250. Protection against the inevitable falls costs the racing family almost as much. A crash helmet and a set of leathers—a rugged, form-fitting





suit to keep the skin intact—runs about \$160; a pair of heavy boots, \$40.

Even with this \$450 investment, the child is almost sure to be a consistent loser. The bike bought off a dealer's floor is seldom good enough to win a race; it needs a lot of fine tuning to make it hot enough to reach a top speed of around 45 mph, sometimes even 60 or 70, and get a trophy. Count on another \$400 in mechanic's bills to put machine and child in the running.

To most parents who get a kick out of watching their youngsters bring home trophies, the first peewee bike is like the first peanut. The child

gets older and graduates to 4½- to 6-hp minicycles, then to 7- to 13-hp models, then to the minicycles that run in three classes with a maximum displacement of 60, 80 or 100 cc. He also graduates to bigger helmets, bigger sets of leathers, bigger boots.

In events for youngsters age seven and up, moreover, the stock-bike races soon lose their charm. The real competition is for "modified" bikes—pepped up by substituting a bigger carburetor, an expansion chamber instead of an exhaust pipe, a finely altered camshaft for better valve action, a cylinder rebored for extra displacement. There are all kinds of ways to make a bike take off faster and hit a higher top speed, and all of them cost money.

Adding to the financial pressure is the fact that a bike that wins in July may be obsolete by January. The manufacturers compete just as grimly as the parents and youngsters, and new and hotter models come out all the time. One father says, with mingled admiration and regret, "Bikes change from year to year and you have to keep up with them or you don't win."

If one asks a racing family how much they have spent over the years to gather all those trophies on the mantelpiece and end tables, the answer is never a straight one. Like so many other avid sporting types, they refuse to reckon on the costs. But one Irvine, Calif. family with a 9-year-old boy and a 12-year-old girl currently has eight racing bikes; another in Downey with two sons, 11 and 13, has a dozen.

On the average the tiny bikes proba-

*continued*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES A. SUGAR

## MINIMEN

continued

bly cost about \$1,000 each to buy and modify. And when you own that many bikes you also have to own some kind of vehicle, usually a van or a camper, to haul the bikes, the fuel and the spare parts to the track.

The bikes are temperamental, especially after being hopped up, and require constant upkeep—which would add to the expense, except that most racing dads are professional or amateur mechanics who do their own tinkering. You have to be a mechanic of sorts, able to make spot repairs. "Out there on the track almost anything can happen to a machine," one father says, "and you'd better know a little something or you're going to miss a lot of races. Me, I'm a dry cleaner and I didn't know anything about machinery at first, but I took a night course at Orange Coast College for nine weeks and got pretty good." Sometimes the boys, and even the girls as they get older, learn how to work on their own bikes. Aside from winning a first-place trophy, nothing pleases a racing father more than to be able to say, "My son's turned into a real wrench."

When pressed on the matter of finances, racing families like to talk in spiritual rather than economic terms. Says the father of one of the nation's top girl riders, "O.K., so it's cost me a few bucks. But I've got a daughter who spends her time at home; she's not out bumming around. I'm not worried about her getting into trouble. This is a family affair and we have good clean fun—a lot of togetherness. I think that's a wonderful thing."

Ted Moorewood, a Norwalk, Calif. bike dealer whose 13-year-old son is a top racer, says, "Everything costs money. People will go out and spend \$100 on a Schwinn bicycle for a kid. It costs a little more to get into minicycle racing but it's a cheap investment for what the family gets out of it." Says the mother in a racing family, "Sure, it's a big expense for a poor family like us. And I admit I worry a lot about my boys being hurt. But you've got to have something nowadays to keep the kids' minds occupied."

Both parents and youngsters seem to view the injury question with mixed emotions. "A lot of people think racing is

dangerous, but I don't," a father says firmly. Then a little later he adds, "I don't mind too much when the boys fall where I can see them; as long as I can see them I'm all right. But sometimes they go off over an embankment, and when I can't see them it bugs me; my heart goes right up in my throat."

To an outsider the game certainly looks dangerous; it is scary to watch a pre-school youngster traveling 45 miles an hour. And the kids do fall—occasionally hard. A fuel tank can rupture and a bike bent up—though apparently none has yet burned with a youngster pinned under it. A parent thirsting for a trophy may do something like overmodifying the pistons and the motor will explode in the middle of a race. Yet major injuries are rare. The youngsters themselves never admit to being afraid out on the track. As one proudly reports, "I was thrown over the handlebars once and landed 30 feet away and all I did was worry about my bike instead of about me, which was pretty silly, I guess, because the bike could be repaired and I couldn't."

The game may be more dangerous for fathers than for their children, thanks to the annual institution of the Father's Day races for adults. Being mostly frustrated heroes of the track themselves, few parents can resist the chance to get on the kids' bikes and try for a trophy of their own. Since balance is everything, and since the bikes are not built for 6-footers, the results can be upsetting. One father, pulling up after finishing a dismal fifth, looked around to see whether his wife was sympathizing or laughing and let the bike run out from under him. Result: a broken collarbone. Another, determined to prove he was just as good as his two sons, took a curve too fast, went down, remounted, and in a desperate effort to make up lost ground ran smack into one of the half-sunken tires marking the inner rail of the course. He tore his shoulder muscles and his arm was out of action for two months.

As a community spectator sport, miniracing ranks right up there with Little League ball—and the size and behavior of the audiences show it. There may be fair crowds at the national events, but hardly anyone watches the routine races except the kids, their parents and sometimes brothers and sisters. Even the parents generally keep an eye on the track

only when their own youngsters are racing; the rest of the time they disappear to do more work on the bikes or mill around to drink beer or soda pop and chat with friends.

On a recent day at Indian Dunes Speedway near Los Angeles—the site of some of the photographs on these pages—one tall, lean father could be seen with his 5-year-old son at the starting line before the race for peewees, busily giving the boy instructions. Alas, the little fellow was hopelessly outclassed—dead last, lapped by the winner. After the race the father fiddled for a long time with the bike, trying to see if it was running properly. Apparently it was; the boy just wasn't handling the throttle properly. They walked off together, the father earnestly demonstrating with his right hand how to move the throttle, and were not seen again until the next heat for peewees. The boy ran last again. This time they walked away, with the father leading the little fellow by the hand; both looked rather discouraged.

The winning fathers are an entirely different breed; they whoop and holler and root their kids home like the bettors at a horse race. There is one California father, prominent in his cowboy hat, who is all over the track when his sons are racing, urging them on with hand signals that mean, "Pour it on now," or "Pass that guy in front of you; you've got to beat him to move up in the point standings." He is not sure his instructions help the boys, but at least they make him feel better. "I don't mind telling you," he says, "when the boys are out there I get wound up higher than a kite."

By watching only their own youngsters, the parents miss some tense racing. The kids want to win. As one official says admiringly, "They're tigers out there." Many of them are fanatically good, and sometimes two of the best hook up in a neck-and-neck battle, with the second placer doing his very best to pass the leader by going faster on the straightaway or taking a turn a little better. But many of the races resemble a 13-0 Little League game. On the night when the tall father and his 5-year-old son reached the depths of despondency, there was one event with only three entries. By the time they had gone a lap, the leader was 50 yards in front of the second-place rider, who in turn was 50 yards ahead of the boy running third. And that was the

continued

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way they finished, except that the distance from one hike to another had widened. It was no contest.

One important difference between the Little League and miniracing is equipment. The riders can be no better than the bikes their fathers buy or manufacture for them. Thus racing is a sort of two-way competition. The kids, if really interested, try to get better and better at leaving off the starting line, taking the turns and pouring it on through the straightaways. The dads compete with other dads on the matter of providing the hottest bike.

The competition among the dads, unfortunately, is not always as aboveboard as it might be. If a son is entered in a race for minicycles with a maximum displacement of 100 cc, and dad can put him on a bike with 110 cc, there is a chance of taking home a trophy even if the boy is just an average rider—or even what racing people call a "turkey." So fathers, to put it bluntly, sometimes cheat.

Everybody acknowledges the cheating. Says one official, "There's no question in my mind that there are cheaters out there every time we race." Says another, "I'd guess that 25% to 30% of all the bikes on some tracks are cheating." An ambitious father, shrugging his shoulders, says, "Well, as the old saying goes, it isn't really cheating unless you get caught, now is it?"

A parent who thinks his youngster has been done in by an illegal hike can protest the race if he is willing to put up a fee, usually \$10 to \$25. The suspect hike is then torn down. If it meets the specifications for its class, the race result stands and the protest fee is forfeited. If not, the rider of the hike loses his trophy and, if this is a second violation, is suspended for six months. The fee discourages protests, but they do get made, and sometimes rather fancy shenanigans are exposed.

The protest procedure sounds like a saliva test, and there are other similarities to the wilder days of horse racing in the world of minicycles. Families have been known to run ringers, that is, to have two bikes that look just alike to the casual eye but are vastly different on the inside. And sometimes an experienced rider is taken to a different track and dropped into an event for beginners, like a stakes horse entered in a maiden race. As one official puts it, "A new family comes in and says their boy is just start-

ing—but he walks off and leaves everybody and you know he's been racing somewhere. So you jump him up a class—and sometimes the parents raise a fuss."

The parents, indeed, are a mixed blessing. Without their willingness to invest thousands of dollars, there would be no racing. And they also help, as in the Little League, by serving as assistant officials, keeping track of the entries and getting the races started. But some do cause trouble. The term for it around the tracks is "pet racing." Says one official, "If we were just dealing with the kids, everything would be fine. Lots of times we feel like saying to a youngster, 'Boy, we sure wish you had left your father at home today.'" Which is hardly unfamiliar in all kinds of children's sport.

One has to wonder whether the kids would show up at all unless father loved the game so much. But no parent seems ready to admit he has pushed his youngsters into racing. All the parents swear, "We leave it up to the kids"; or "They're the ones that love racing"; or "The one thing we never do is force them." There have been some unhappy incidents. After one race, a father who thought his son had lost through a stupid mistake after all those long hours dad put in getting the bike in shape—was seen to vent his frustration by hitting the boy with a wrench.

What probably happens in miniracing is a lot of intuition. A family gets into it because dad always dreamed of winning a Grand Prix himself or because a youngster is consumed by envy for a friend who has a hike. Once the bike is in the garage, a lot of things can go wrong. Dad may find the bells too steep or the mechanical work too difficult. Mother may get the shakes the first time she sees her youngster on the track. ("There have been some couples," says one track promoter, "who really got in trouble because the wife didn't like it.") The youngster may get bored or scared. The game may bring the family not togetherness but a lot of arguments between an eager father and a kid without much talent. These families drop out. They show up at the track for a while, win no trophies and disappear. Those left are the chosen few who really share a liking for the game. A California airline pilot with two racing sons says, "All my colleagues think I'm weird—but I want to tell you, our family really loves this sport." **END**

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## PEOPLE

♦ **Doubles partners Donna Sergi and Mike O'Connell** have pretty good teamwork, but one could not really say they are 100% together. Still, despite small differences of opinion on pigs and tennis rags they reached the mixed doubles quarterfinals in the Binghamton, N.Y. Department of Parks and Recreation Open Tennis Tourney, and won 6-2, 6-3 over Nancy Booth and Dave Heichner, who have no such quarrel: they agree that Bobby Ruggs is a sure winner. For those who might wonder whether Donna or Mike is the better player—forget it, they aren't going on record. Why do you think they didn't enter the singles tournament?

This week's sporting spillover from Watergate: **Rick Reichardt** recently acquired from the Chicago White Sox by the Kansas City Royals, stepped right up and won a 2-1 game against his old team with a two-run double. Friar the panel of newsmen, one of whom asked if his prior knowledge of the Chicago pitchers had helped. "Yes," deadpanned Reichardt. "At that point in time I was looking for a breaking ball."

Everybody knows **Jack Nicklaus** has nerves of steel. They have steered him through all those pressure puts and unbendingly carried him to 13 major championships and a million dollars. So what happens when Steely Man's wife has a baby? He faints dead away. "When the first child was born I looked into his room and just went down to the floor," Nicklaus says. "The second baby, I had to walk out of the hospital because I felt myself going again. I got sick at home later on. The third baby, I think I spent more time in the recovery room than Barbara did." Jack lasted until nightfall after the fourth child, and he was still on his feet this time when a fifth



baby was born on July 24. "I'm all right now, but I guess it will happen sometime tonight," Nicklaus supposed. "I think it's nice that I get sick like that. It's a nice human reaction."

And now a reaction from Barbara. "I feel fine," she said.

On another nursery from **Jackie Brown**, a rookie defensive back who was cut by the Baltimore Colts, took time out at try-outs to accept congratulations. Brown proudly announced that his wife had just given birth to a baby girl in Elkin, N.C., that the infant weighed almost nine pounds, and that her name was Shacondra Mondrel. "That's Swahili," Brown said. "I don't know what it means. I just picked it from the list." List? What list? A compilation of 80 names of African descent provided by his students at Kenan High School in Columbia, S.C.

where Brown teaches world history. It is possible that the child might have one problem. About the first time she tries to spell it, she'll faint dead away.

**Dennis Allen**, a 6'2", 235-pound starting guard for Texas Tech, has more than one string to his bow. Says Allen, who plays the cello as well as he plays the line: "I considered trying out for a music scholarship somewhere, but music scholarships aren't worth what football scholarships are." Does Allen consider that an injustice? "No, not really," he says. "You could never get 40,000 people to pay eight bucks a head to watch somebody play the cello."

■ After 43 long years, Pat O'Brien and the late show notwithstanding, it is true to report that another **Rockne** is rising in football. Young grandson John

(at left in the picture) played defensive halfback and quarterback for two years in Northeastern Oklahoma Junior College, and now has signed on with the Lakewood (Colo.) Oilers of the Southwestern Football League. Sure, it's a small start, but one must remember that Rockne already has a distinct advantage over everybody else: he knows the halftime talks by heart.

A woman assistant coach might bring a little class to college football, Indiana Coach **Lee Corso** mused on this very page last week. Now for this week's report it turns out that Georgetown University Basketball Coach **John Thompson** already has a woman assistant and says she is performing splendidly. So far, **Mary Fenton** has concentrated on supervising the academic affairs of players, securing tutoring, keeping tabs on their progress and generally advising them—although she does attend practices and coaching meetings and travels with the team on road trips. "I couldn't tell you the difference between a point and a pivot," Mrs. Fenton admits, but that has its advantages. "I've had little trouble with other coaches," she says. "When I was at the coaches' convention in St. Louis, they'd eye me suspiciously on the elevator and they would invariably ask me if I actually coached. When I explained what I did, they'd smile. It seemed to make them feel better that I wasn't a threat." Ah, but you relaxed too soon, men. Mrs. Fenton forgot to tell you that she also recruits.

**Don Davidson**, assistant to the chairman of the Atlanta Braves, has written a book about his 40 years in baseball. Davidson happens to be four feet tall, and the tale of his book is *Caveat Short*. It is available in paperback, naturally, the publisher is Bantam.



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## Managing to set a mark all his own

Any resemblance to his older brother is hidden behind a camouflage of balding pate, sagging paunch and drooping mustache. He can still play his brother's game well enough, but after 10 seasons at places such as Eau Claire and Cedar Rapids he is no longer young enough to hope for another chance to join him at the top.

That 34-year-old Tommie Aaron never fulfilled the promise he showed year

after year in the minors may be due in part to the unhappy consequence of having lived his adult life in fraternal shadow, possessing the name and the inclination, but not the ability. "I am 'Henry-Aaron's-brother-Tommie Aaron,'" he says, recalling countless introductions, "and it took a while to get used to."

Tommie is finally receiving recognition for being something more than the lesser half of the most prolific home-run-hitting brother combination ever (Henry 703, Tommie 13). In Savannah, Ga., which once abandoned minor league baseball rather than seat whites with blacks at Grayson Stadium, Aaron has become perhaps the most highly regarded black manager in baseball. Because of that, there may soon come a day when he will no longer be confused with a home-run hitter or a Masters champ. He has begun his march where Sherman's ended.

First Baseman Aaron's move up from player-coach to player-manager of the Double A Southern League team began late one rainy June afternoon this season when Savannah General Manager Miles Wolff learned that Field Manager Clint Courtney was being transferred to fill an unexpected vacancy with the Braves' Triple A franchise in Richmond. The parent club had another man in mind for the Savannah job, but word of the opening provoked a spontaneous civic campaign for Aaron. Wolff, Courtney, local Sports Editor Marcus Holland and one member of the team's board of directors, Julius S. Fine, all made calls to Atlanta in support of Tommie, who sat silently while others lobbied in his behalf. He was among the crowd in Wolff's little office only because he had come to the park for his paycheck. After deliberations at Atlanta, Aaron was named manager of the Savannah Braves about 6 p.m. that same day, thus surpassing in classification at least two other blacks then managing Class A teams.

"They wanted me to ask for the job myself, but that didn't seem right," says Tommie. "Of course I wanted it. I had been thinking about a managing career for the last several years."

It is Tommie's easy rapport with players and knowledge of baseball that made him the people's choice for the Savannah job. The team responded by winning a doubleheader from Jacksonville the first day under Aaron and has remained a contender for its division title.

Two questions inevitably arose when Aaron was named. Was he promoted because of his brother? Would he have difficulty handling a predominantly white team in a Southern town? In fact, Henry was not notified of the promotion until it had already been made, and the wide-ranging community and team acceptance quashed the possibility of racial discord.

"All of Tommie's actions have seemed to make one point: 'I am the manager,' not 'I am the black manager,'" says Relief Pitcher Ken Allred. "One of the few guys he got on was a black player and it happened right in the dugout with the rest of the team there."

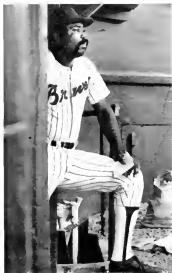
Aaron's personal experience has taught him the unfairness of failing to judge people individually. A typical lesson occurred not long ago during a game at Knoxville. "You know why he's manager of that team?" asked a beer-drinking customer. "The big dummy is Henry Aaron's brother, that's why." No sooner had Tommie quieted than cric with a home run than another fan screamed, "Only 700 more, Aaron, and you'll catch your brother."

"You can't compare Henry and me," says Tommie on what has become a tiresome subject. "He's gonna do his thing and I'm gonna do mine. I found out a long time ago I'm not as good a player as he is, but if I had let it bother me I wouldn't have stayed around this long. When I first came up with Milwaukee in 1962 everybody expected me to hit 20 to 25 home runs with 100 RBIs. But no two men are alike and nobody understands that more than me."

Tommie's playing career has been no disgrace. Only two years ago he averaged .318 in Triple A, and in 1967 he was the International League's Most Valuable Player. He remains an adroit fielder at first base. But after seven different chances against big-league pitching, his average in the majors is only .229.

"I could always catch the ball," says Tommie. "Any guy off the street can do that. Like most guys, my problem was hitting. I can't really complain. A lot of fellows never got as much of a chance up there as I did. At least I was able to get my pension."

This is Aaron's last year as an active player, but he will continue trying to master the fine points of melding diverse egos and abilities into a winning baseball team. Braves Farm Director Bill Lucas



LINEUP IN HAND, AARON STUDIES A GAME

feels there is no question that Tommie has major league managerial potential. Aaron says only, "I'm a pretty good piece from the big leagues, but I'll hang around and see what happens. We're all learning down here—the players, the managers and umpires. I haven't given much thought about becoming the first black manager in the big leagues. I'm not trying to prove nothing to no one."

There is in Atlanta another man who thinks Tommie has a future as a manager. "Tommie knows as much baseball as anyone in the game," he says. "He always studied it more than me. He has the talent and he knows all the strategy." Henry Aaron said that. Tommie Aaron's brother.

## THE WEEK

July 29 Aug 4

by JOE JARES

**AL WEST** Kansas City set a club record by winning seven straight games and thereby streaked past the old K.C. franchise, Oakland, into first place. The rampaging Royals had taken 14 of their last 17 games. In six of the victories the bullpen—Gene Garber, Doug Bird and Joe Hoerner—picked up either a victory or a save, and Manager Jack McKeon claimed, "This club has a new hero every day." So it did. Rick Reichardt drove in the winning runs Tuesday. Wednesday it was Hal McRae with a two-run triple and a home run. Garber sparked in relief Thursday, and so on. Second Baseman Cookie Rojas, weary but refusing to take a day off, said, "We can do it, we can win it. If we get another starting pitcher we'll win it." And he said that early in the week.

The A's didn't seem overly worried, but perhaps Owner Charlie Finley was, for he took out his bankroll and brought Jesus Alon, Vic Davalillo and Mike Andrews for help as the run for another pennant. All three Alon brothers—Felipe, Matty and Jesus—started in the Bay Area with San Francisco, and all three have played across the Bay at one time or another (Felipe and Matty are now with the Yankees; let Jesus follow). "I hope I stay in Oakland forever," said Reggie Jackson. "I'll get to meet all the famous players in baseball as they pass through our clubhouse." Big Jim Bobby, 6'5", 230 pounds, gave Texas a much-needed lift by throwing a no-hitter against the A's, keeping the batters trembling with his conveniently wild fastball. "Damn, he was quick," said

A's Manager Dick Williams. "The 3-2 pitch I moved in the ninth might have been the fastest pitch I've ever seen," said Jackson. The Rangers' second big boost came when Jeff Burroughs hit his third grand-slam home run in 10 days. If he keeps that up he might get into the Oakland clubhouse someday.

Minnesota followed a five-game winning streak by riding the roller coaster downward, losing six out of seven to its top rivals in the division, Chicago, Oakland and K.C. But there were some happy notes. Bobby Darwin, using a heavier bat, hit his first homer since July 7. "I was overpowering," he said. "I thought a little extra weight might help." And Second Baseman Rod Carew continued to lead the league in hitting. The Angels (2-5) were only slightly better. One of their wins came when Nolan Ryan beat Texas 3-2 with an eight-hitter. It was his first win since he no-hit Detroit in mid-July. "As long as we get pitching like that we've got a chance," said Manager Bobby Winkles. They did get pitching like that from Bill Singer against Oakland—he went 11 innings despite a bad cold—but still lost 2-1 when Bert Campaneris blooped a heartbreaking broken-bat double into shallow center field with two out. "That's as tough a loss as there is," moaned Winkles.

Chicago (3-4) reactivated slugger Dick Allen, the American League MVP last season. Allen had been sidelined since June 28, when he suffered a hairline fracture in his left leg. He hit well, but his leg still bothered him. Speaking of numerous White Sox injuries, Manager Chuck Tanner said, "The job this team has done this season is greater than last year when we fought Oakland right down to the wire."

KC 84-48 OAK 82-48 MINN 84-53  
CHI 82-56 CAL 85-58 TEX 81-56

**AL EAST** Baltimore, despite injury problems, eased past New York into first place, but Manager Earl Weaver wasn't about to order the champagne just yet. For one thing, a Yankee slump had more to do with it than a triumphant Oracle week (4-4). Still, first place was nothing to sniff at. "The biggest thing is that we're hitting 30 points higher," said Weaver. "Our defense is the same—the best. Our bullpen is doing just as good as they have since 1969, except that they are getting more chances to work." Jim Palmer credited the Cleveland twilight with a 5-1, three-hit win. "I think any fastball pitcher has to have an advantage at six o'clock," he said. "And the Indians play a lot of six o'clock games. Their own schedule has to be tough on them." Of course, it would help if Cleveland had better fastballs of its own.

Once soaring but now just so, New York had a miserable 2-6 week. Manager Ralph

Houk shoved a sportswriter out of his office, Sparky Lyle lost his fifth straight game to his old Boston teammates, Thurman Munson and Gene Machel got into a brawl with Boston's Carlton Fisk, and centerfielder Bobby Murcer was hit on the right forearm by a Mickey Lolich pitch. Murcer missed Saturday's 3-2 victory over Detroit (Horace Clarke won it with a homer in the 14th), not because of the sore forearm or a sore ankle sustained earlier, but because of a sore throat and dizziness. Oh, yes, sore fans. Steve Klime, who had the Yanks' best won-lost record last year (16-9), was put on the 23-day disabled list because of a sore right elbow.

Detroit (6-2) had shed its deficit from six games to just half a game before the extraordinary loss to New York. A big reason for the surge was outfielder Jim Northrup, who since the All-Star break has hit 14 for 27 with eight RBIs, but he starts only against right-handed pitching. After he went 11 for 24 in five games, Manager Billy Martin benched him for the first two games against the Yankees. "Northrup can't hit left-handers," said Martin. "I can hit left-handers," said Northrup. Mickey Lolich won twice to improve his record to 11-10. "A record like mine is all right for a pitcher earning \$30,000," he said, "but people expect more from me making \$100,000." Boston (4-5) sought help from Pawtucket, bringing up Pitcher Dick Pole, who then got polioed Friday in Baltimore. The rock and sock four-game series against the Yanks in Fenway Park drew 125,839 fans in lousy weather and what with the Fisk-Munson-Michel brawl and the mouse play, the people got their money's worth. For instance, Bobby Murcer hit Red Sox Shortstop Luis Aparicio with a tough takeout slide. Aparicio lost his hat, glove and half his leg but held on to the ball.

The Brewers were beginning to think they would have to write off Pitcher Bill Parson for 1973. He won 13 games each of the last two seasons, but in spring training new pitching coach Bob Shaw (once resigned) made some changes in his delivery. The young righty started walking everybody in sight and hasn't been the same since. He was 0 K for three innings against Cleveland, then the Indians knocked him out. "I hope I get another chance," said Parson. The Indians were hitting and fielding better, but they were still 20½ steps to the rear.

BALT 88-67 NY 81-81 DET 88-50  
BOS 87-51 MIL 82-52 CLEV 40-70

**NL WEST** The Dodger-Giant feud, transplanted to California from vales that grew in New York City, reached ridiculous new dimensions when Los Angeles Coach Tom Lasorda and San Francisco Manager Charlie Fox got in a fistfight 90 minutes before Saturday's game started.

continued

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## BASEBALL continued

It was during Giant batting practice; the two exchanged words behind the batting cage and then traded punches before being separated. "Larson was riding our players. I told him to cut it out or there would be trouble," said Fox. The Dodgers (4-3) lost a little ground to Cincy but still had a three-game lead at week's end. Andy Messersmith shut out the Giants 3-0 on Friday and gave credit to his improved breaking ball, but he got his uniform a little dirty when Relief Pitcher Elias Sosa fired one in tight in the ninth inning. "People aren't the best of friends on these two clubs," said Messersmith, who hit the dirt on the pitch. Other than Fox' lineouts, and the introduction of white shoes, it was a lachrymose week for the Giants (2-4). Chris Speier's damaged shoulder obliged him to throw sideways, and two bad Speier throws against San Diego lost the game 6-5.

Atlanta and Cincinnati played a four-game series that set the art of pitching back a century. The Braves won 14-6, lost 9-5, 13-11 and 17-2. "This is the best offensive club in baseball," said Second Baseman Davey Johnson. "We hit more home runs than anybody. It's contagious." Henry Aaron hit No. 701 of his career Tuesday night, leaving him 13 short of Ruth's record. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference gave Hammer Hank a 16-pound, silver-plated sledgehammer at a luncheon in his honor. He will not be allowed to use it at the plate.

C. Arnholt Smith, majority owner of the Padres (certain to finish last for the fifth time in their five years of existence), was hit by Internal Revenue with a whopping demand for \$22.9 million in back income taxes and interest. The action came when a Japanese group was contemplating making an offer to buy the team and keep it in San Diego. The IRS filed liens in nine Southern California counties against Smith's personal assets, which should not include the money-losing, game-losing Padres. On a happier note, Third Baseman Dave Roberts, who had only two hits in his first 33 at bats this season, was up to 270. He hit six homers in the last three weeks.

Houston (4-4) got a nice performance from Don Wilson, who beat Cincinnati 1-0 in 10 innings and allowed only four singles, but Outfielder Cesar Cedeno continued on an on-again, off-again basis. His tender ankle forced him to miss a game. "For five weeks now I have played with that ankle taped," he said. "I just can't get it well." All that Cincy firepower unleashed in Atlanta (4-5 runs and 52 hits) helped move the Reds closer to first place than they have been in more than two months. But Pitcher Jim McGlothlin, who gave up six runs in the 14-6 loss, said, "I'm embarrassed that the players on this club have to associate with me."

## NL EAST

St. Louis beat the Mets 4-3 Saturday, but the Cardinals' pennant hopes were dealt a blow when Pitcher Bob Gibson, who twice has broken his right leg, twisted his right knee trying to get back to first base to avoid being doubled up on a line drive. The team veteran said it was a probable cartilage tear; if the tear was not large, Gibson might pitch again this season. The Cards hung on to the lead despite an epidemic of respiratory flu and despite not being able to beat left-handed pitching (they are 18-21 versus lefties and 41-29 versus righties). The Cuban bullpen tandem of Diego Segui and Orlando Pena pitched very well. Segui saved Saturday's game and tied the club record for saves in one season (15).

The crumbling Cubs left 30 men on base in the last three games of the week and had lost seven of 12 and 17 of their last 23. Canadian Ferguson Jenkins was defeated 6-1 at Montreal as government cameras ground away, getting footage for a documentary on him. But there was pitching progress elsewhere. Rick Reuschel beat Gibson and the Cardinals on Monday 5-1, then came back to end a Cub losing streak by shutting out Montreal on Friday 3-0, the finest game of his career and his 12th win of the season. Philadelphia attendance went over the million mark, and the biggest crowd ever to attend a two-night doubleheader there, 48,294, gave Yankee castoff Bill Robinson a standing ovation after he hit two home runs. Steve Carlton lost to the Pirates on Friday 3-1, but earlier in the week he looked like the Carlton of last year, beating Pittsburgh 1-0. "This is the guy I've been waiting for," said Manager Danny Ozark. He and 23 other major league managers, Wayne Twitchell got his second straight shutout, beating the Cubs 2-0 and improving his record to 10-3.

Baseball may have seen the last of Centerfielder Willie Mays. Mays intends to finish out his career at that refuge for the disabled, first base. "That's the only position I can play right now," Willie said. His arm is gone. Willie's team, the last-place Mets (4-5), are not quite gone yet. They took three out of four from the Pirates, with Tom Seaver throwing a four-hitter and Cleo Jones becoming the first Met to accumulate 1,000 hits. And, say hey, First Baseman Mays helped beat the Cards with a three-run homer Friday.

The sad story at Pittsburgh—over of the sad stories—is Pitcher Steve Blass, who has lost the ability to get the ball over the plate. His ERA is 10.40, almost a batting average. Blass' Moose of Montreal, who used to have trouble seeing the catcher's glove, wore glasses for the first time and beat St. Louis 2-0 with a four-batter. Quite a spectacle.

LA 50-42 CIN 66-46 SF 31-48  
HOUS 57-56 ATL 81-64 SD 37-72

STL 36-59 CHI 34-24 PIT 32-55  
MONT 52-56 PHIL 22-55 NY 48-59



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George Reed (34), who plays for Saskatchewan, is fast catching up to Jim Brown



## Running at a record pace

George Reed is one of those people who would be a success no matter what he did. What George wants, George earns. There was a time when all he wanted was a college education, and he knew football was the only way to get it. He won an athletic scholarship to Washington State. Then he decided he wanted to be the best running back in Canada. He earned that reputation, and now, in his 11th season as a fullback for the Saskatchewan Roughriders, George Reed is on the verge of becoming the leading ground-gainer in the history of professional football. "I want to excel," he explains.

In the Roughriders' first two games of the 1973 season, which were played just 48 hours apart last week, Reed ran for 150 yards, leaving him only 140 short of Jim Brown's pro record of 12,312. In the National Football League Brown outdistanced the second-best rusher, Green Bay's Jim Taylor, by 3,715 yards. Brown ran for 106 touchdowns, 23 more than any other NFL back. Reed has already tied that mark. At one point in his career Brown led the NFL in rushing for five consecutive seasons. Reed has done

the same in the CFL. And so forth. Robert Sproule, a research statistician for the CFL, has determined that Reed holds the league record for most records set—51.

In a way what is most remarkable about achievements of this order is that they bespeak an almost superhuman durability. In nine seasons Jim Brown never missed a game. In 10 years Reed has sat out just five, three of those because of a horse crack in his right knee which he agreed to rest until the playoffs, after playing with it for several regular season games.

"We haven't been fair to George," admits Canada's leading career passer, Ron Lancaster, who came to Regina in 1963, the same year as Reed. "We've asked him to do a lot of things you shouldn't ask one back to do." The Roughriders have always counted on Reed to pick up the tough second-down yardage (there are only three downs in Canadian football). But Reed is also an excellent blocker and a good pass receiver (although, curiously, only one of his 190 career receptions has resulted in a touchdown), and Saskatchewan has taken full advantage of these talents, too.

"I never worry about the amount we use him," says Coach John Payne. "The more work he gets, the better he gets. He's unhappy unless he carries 20 times in a game." At 5'11" and 208 pounds George Reed looks trim. His power is in his thighs, which measure 29 inches around. In order to get a comfortable fit in a pair of pants he buys a size 40 and has them taken in six inches at the waist. Reed is generally quiet with sad, sleepy eyes, but when he laughs, his whole body laughs, and everybody around him does, too. Game days find him moody and nervous, unable to eat. On the field, opponents say he shows no emotion. Reed, who takes a tremendous beating in every outing, says only two things make him mad when playing—blowing assignments and failing to pick up tough second-down yardage.

The son of a steel-mill machinist in Renton, Wash., and one of 12 children, Reed showed enough promise in his first two years at Washington State to start thinking about professional football. But at the beginning of his junior year he suffered a badly broken ankle that many thought would put an end to his playing days. It didn't. He came back to lead the Cougars in rushing in 1961 and 1962, but the NFL and AFL lost interest and offered only measly free-agent deals.

The British Columbia Lions of the

*continued*

CFL put him on their negotiation list, then, without informing him, dropped him. He didn't find that out until Ken Preston, the general manager of the Roughriders, which had claimed his negotiation rights, stopped by to talk contract. Within an hour Reed signed.

That contract brought Reed—some would say consigned him—to Regina, Saskatchewan's capital, an isolated community of 140,000 located 350 miles northwest of Bismarck, N. Dak. The Roughriders are a community-owned club, the lone professional sports franchise in the entire province. They play their games in tiny Taylor Field (capacity 22,400) and are compensated by gate equalization, a CFL policy which averages gate receipts around the league and then apportions one-third of the excess from the rich to the poor.

In his rookie year Reed rushed for 751 yards and Saskatchewan made it to the Western Conference finals. In only one other year has he rushed for under 1,000—1970 when he had the broken

knee—and during his tenure the Roughriders have always made the playoffs, have won the Western Conference championship four times and the Grey Cup once.

Through it all the man in the clutch has been George Reed. Like Green Bay's Paul Hornung he seems to improve as the offense nears the goal line. In last year's Western Conference title game against Winnipeg, Saskatchewan trailed 24-7 in the third quarter and had a key second down at its 27-yard line. Lancaster called on Reed, who responded by pounding off right tackle for 42 yards, carrying three defenders on his back for the final five. That run aroused the Roughriders, who scored three plays later. They edged closer on a field goal and in the waning minutes took over 63 yards from the Winnipeg goal line, needing a touchdown to tie. Reed ran five straight times for gains of eight, four, nine, eight and nine. One play later it was Reed again, then a short pass and Reed once more. Another short pass and,

finally, on third and goal from the two, Reed scored to tie the game. Saskatchewan won 27-24 on a field goal after time had run out.

In four play-off games at the end of the 1967 season Reed established a rushing record of 529 yards, including 304, another play-off mark, in the victorious Western Conference final. His one-day best of 268 yards won Saskatchewan a playoff berth in 1965, and in the Roughriders' 1966 Grey Cup win he contributed 133 yards, including a 31-yard touchdown run that sealed the victory.

Earl Lunsford, one of three backs to run over a mile in a single season (the other two are Reed and Brown) and now the general manager of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, attributes Reed's success to the tremendous development of his upper legs. "They give him a combination of quickness and power," says Lunsford. "Some fullbacks just hit the hole and run over people for a yard or two. George can be a power runner when he needs to be, but he can use his quickness to step

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outside and slide. He has great reading ability and a good lean—very low to the ground with high knee action. He gets those legs into you good. If you hit him there he has the power to run through you." Around the CFL they tell the stories of Jack Delveaux and Brian Palmer. Delveaux put a shoulder into Reed. The shoulder was smashed and the nerves so badly injured that to this day he doesn't have full use of his right arm. Palmer tried an arm tackle. The arm snapped in three places.

In Regina, Reed's reward has been acceptance and what one local defines as being "a medium-sized frog in a relatively small puddle." But it is not blind acceptance. Reed may have been named honorary head coach and coordinator of the special summer Olympics for the mentally handicapped because of his association with sports, but that's not what got him elected president of the PTA. He is no less respected on the playing field than he is in the community. Last year he became the first American and first

black to be elected president of the CFL Players Association.

Reed moved his wife Angie and three children from Seattle to Regina after the 1965 season, in which he gained his mile plus of rushing and won the Schenley Award, the Canadian equivalent of MVP. Canadian football players can hold down jobs year round, since they practice in the late afternoon and early evening. Reed went to work for Molson's brewery and has risen to the post of sales promotion manager. "That job has been his first wife," says Angie. "He works so hard and so late that sometimes I think he's going to forget my name. George has a bad habit—he can't say no to anybody." The Reeds still live in the modest one-story house they bought when they arrived in Regina. "George is pretty close to the dollar," says a business associate. Whether that assessment is accurate or not, it is a fact that George Reed collects coins.

For that matter it is money that kept him from ever trying his legs in the NFL,

where his brother Smith played for the Giants, and where four relatives—foster brother Clancy Williams, brother-in-law Jerry LeVins and first cousins-by-marriage Miller and Mel Farr—currently excel. How would George Reed have done? He has pondered that. A few years back he almost pondered his way down to the States, but then he added up the dollars and cents. "I had no reason to go back but pride," he says, "and pride will just make you go hungry."

Joe Kapp, who led teams in both leagues to championships, thinks Reed would have been a standout in the NFL. Bud Grant, the coach of the Minnesota Vikings and a former Canadian coach, agrees. "George Reed would have been a superstar here just as he is in Canada," says Grant.

As Reed approaches Brown's rushing record comparisons become inevitable. George is well aware that he will come out second best in the eyes of most, which doesn't bother him. "After all," he says, "there was only one Jim Brown." **END**

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## Lining up a big future

Since the oil companies began to move away and the government shut down Walker Air Force Base a few years ago, there has been relatively little to get excited about in Roswell, N. Mex. The town sits in the highdry plains, a pleasant place that because of its climate is now beginning to attract retired people from other parts of the country. Anglo-Americans and Mexican-Americans form the basic population, their lives intertwined, as they have been ever since the Anglos moved into the Southwest. Sixteen-year-old Nancy Lopez of East First Street is Mexican-American, and although she may be the best young girl golfer in the country,

champion since Hollis Stacy in 1969. This week in Bernardsville, N.J. she is trying for a second junior title, and after that she will go after the bigger prize, the Women's Amateur in Montclair.

She got ready for both those events back in Roswell, hawking in a warm celebrity glow. As she tees up on the first hole of the long flat course at New Mexico Military Institute, people honk cheerily at her from passing cars. Senior citizens cross fairways to shake her hand and ask how folks treated her when she was playing in Wisconsin or Illinois or Missouri, or wherever it was they used to live. High school kids wave to her and she hanks back as she

"drags Main" in her bright yellow Ford, a gift from her father.

Domingo Lopez has learned a lot of tricks for keeping a young girl's interest and competitive drive alive in the eight years since Nancy began trailing him around Roswell's nine-hole municipal course. The idea of rewards is one of them. "First I gave her one dollar for A's at school. Then I gave her one dollar for birdies," he says. Now, many birdies and quite a few A's later, the ante has been raised to things like a family trip to Los Angeles for the LA Open last January or mag runs for the wheels of her car. Lopez is a small, wiry subcompact man of 38 known widely as "Sunday," an Anglo nickname he picked up playing city league baseball in his youth.



NANCY LOPEZ, NATURAL WONDER

continued

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USGA rules allow junior players to accept financial help toward transportation, housing and saddle fees for junior tournaments from sources outside their immediate families. But until early this summer nobody in Roswell had ever thought to offer Nancy any aid. (The Roswell Country Club to this day has not made her a member, although it has declared that her family can join—for a fee that is obviously well beyond Domingo Lopez' means.) An organization called the Roswell Seniors and Retirees, which includes many newcomers with quite a few golfers among them, finally broke the ice. When Nancy returned from Jefferson City with the junior title it gave a banquet for her and invited everybody who was anybody in Roswell's business community. The Seniors and Retirees used the occasion to let it be known that it was high time Roswell demonstrated a little gratitude. The Chamber of Commerce responded with \$500 toward her expenses at the Women's Western Golf Association junior championships in Wisconsin this summer. Nancy won that event and reached the semifinals of the Western Women's Amateur as well. She was able to return \$100 because an interested family named Lindell from Winfield, Iowa not only housed her between the tournaments but drove her all the way home to New Mexico.

"I'd like to work, to have my own money," says Nancy, who understands about money pressures. "Sometimes I feel guilty. I think I could get a pretty good job. I can type 65 words a minute

and I could learn bookkeeping from my mother. She does it for my dad. But my dad doesn't want me to work. He thinks it would tire me and take too much time away from my golf." There are other things Nancy would like to do, too, that are proscribed, such as swimming—"I use the wrong muscles and soften my calluses"—and tennis—"I played it some, but once I sprained my ankle, and it scared me. My dad said then I should stick to golf." But there are compensations, too.

"My husband tells me, 'Don't let her do the dishes. It will hurt her hands,'" says Marina Lopez, chuckling. "She gets away with a lot."

Last January, as a sophomore, Nancy was allowed to join the Goddard High School boys' varsity golf team. Each Friday through the winter, in every kind of weather, the team traveled by car to such places as Clovis and Hobbs and Andrews and finally to the state championships in Las Cruces. The Goddard Rockets beat Albuquerque High by four shots for the team title and Nancy placed fifth in individual scoring with 77-82-159. The winner shot 150.

"When we were playing in March in Clovis," said Nancy, shivering in July heat at the memory, "our hands were freezing before we even teed off, and by the ninth hole it had started to rain and we wanted to quit. By the 14th it had begun to hail and we went in, but the pro told us to go on back out. I told myself, 'I have to be a boy now. If I quit, the coach might not let me back on the team.' So I finished with a 41 on the back and then went inside, washed my pants so get the mud off—they were soaked anyway—and just put them back on ready to go home. Then they told us we had to go back out for a playoff. We won on the first hole, thank goodness."

Out of a deep-seated mistrust of models, Marina Lopez—a short, plump realist who carries an umbrella as a sunshade on the golf course—chaperones her daughter to tournaments where there is no private housing. Domingo stays home in Roswell, hammering out desired fenders and thinking about Nancy's future.

"I want her to be happy if she wins and happy if she loses. I want her to be able to do whatever she decides to do. Maybe she will go to college if she can get a scholarship. But I am saving money now so if she goes on tour she can

continued



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have three years to win. Some of them, you know, take a long time to get started. Right now I have maybe enough for the first year. I used to be a baseball player, a pitcher, and I believe I was good enough to get to the major leagues. But I never had a chance. That is why I want to give Nancy a chance."

Although he had only three years of school, Domingo Lopez is an instinctive teacher and the only golf instructor Nancy has ever had. "He knows my game better than anybody," says Nancy. "He can tell me what to do even though he can't do it himself." But more and more now, Nancy makes her own adjustments. Just this summer she has worked a loop out of her swing, slowed her backswing and shortened her putting stroke. When a friend sent her a snapshot he had taken at a tournament she was surprised to see that she was up on her right toe at the top of her backswing. Now her heel is firmly planted. And, most important, she has slightly altered the unorthodox grip that was causing her to slue low and

costing her distance off the tee. Frank Hannigan of the USGA, who watched her play for the first time last summer at the Juniors, said, "Purists would say she needs a radical change, and it's not too late for that. But I think possibly her strength allows her to overpower her bad grip. It will be interesting to see how she develops. She has a superb touch on and around the greens and, wow, what a great instinct to win! She made all the important putts in match play."

When she was 10 and had just competed in her first Roswell Ladies' Golf Tournament, Nancy told her father she wanted to be as good a golfer as Mrs. Jo Boswell, who was Roswell's leading female player at that time and had won the tournament. Her father told her, "Yes, you be as good as Mrs. Boswell—and maybe a little bit better." The next year, at 11, Nancy was runner-up to Jo Boswell by three strokes and at 12 she won—that was also the summer she won her first state women's championship. In those days her fingernails were chewed

down to the quick and she threw up so often before her matches that she made it a habit to get dressed in a bathroom. Experience and accumulated success have given her poise and a pleasantly confident manner that is betrayed only in the nervous jiggling of her legs. The idea that she might have limits hasn't occurred to her.

"Development is unpredictable in junior girls," says Hannigan, who has seen a lot of them come and go. "They mature quicker than boys. I think a lot of girls at 15 are playing the best golf they'll ever play. They find out, thank God, that there are other things in life than golf."

But for a Mexican-American girl in southern New Mexico, even one who can sink putts under pressure, the alternatives—the "other things in life"—are limited, and the chances are that before long Nancy Lopez will be taking her best shot and trying to make her living on the LPGA tour. And Domingo Lopez back home in Roswell will be hammering and hoping.

END

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# MEMORY OF BOYHOOD



In that failing Missouri farm country, bound by potholed roads and poverty, the fish in the creeks were food and a rich source of wonder for a youth by **TERRENCE DES PRES**

CONTINUED

In the Missouri I knew as a boy, nobody called fishing a sport. Life was rooted in the land and fishing was mainly for food. To me, anyway, it was as natural as cutting wood, as sacking nuts or watching the men make whiskey. It was exciting, too, with strong pleasure and sometimes the splendor of magical events, like the Sunday afternoon we seined deep holes and took more fish than sacks to hold them, carp and catfish sliding from the truck bed as we bounced up the rut-torn hill. Or those November nights on the river with boats and lanterns and gigs pronged wide as pitchforks. I no longer fish, and the boy who did is 20 years into the past. Yet memories of that time come constantly to mind. They return to me, or I to them, as if they were my source, a keel of sanity in a world more gnarled and rotted than—at a right-angle bend in the river—the gigantic pile of driftwood and tree trunks we used to call Snake City.

Remembering begins with noon and the sun's raw glare. With hot fields and ridges adrift in the haze. Trees, bluffs, the land transfixed in windless air. And through the rising heat, a boy heading down to the river, down the dust-still road toward spots where rocks jutted into the stream or where a tree had fallen and jammed near the bank. He would know beforehand that big fish—bass and buffalo, carp and catfish and drum—were never caught that time of day. But there against stone or bunched roots the water rushed and swirled and dug out a hole. And there with cane pole and worms he could catch 30, sometimes 40, fish.

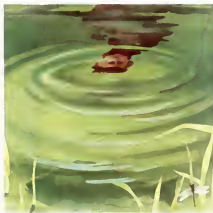
Perch, bluegill, pumpkinseed, the spread and thickness of a man's full hand. Sunfish with colors so finely gray-orange and green that holding one for a moment in his hands, careful of its spiny erections, he could not but wonder at the beauty of these small dumb creatures, so swift to strike, to jerk down the cork and be caught. They rose into

sight and hit in a mass. They flashed flies and bright bellies against the hook's hold, fish after fish all afternoon. It became a small rite of plenty, of rapport with life at its ravenous source. The fished-out hole stayed empty but there were always others, always a piece of river secret and untouched. And now, going home, his worth was plain in the fat full stringer. The weight of his catch was proof of luck, of that primeval blessing which fishermen seek.

Almost all his free time he spent on the river. He came to know every hole, slough, creek mouth and gravel bar, every bridge and crossing down or upstream for miles. Where he went on any given day depended on the fishing he wanted to do. He loved best to take his fly rod—a ferruled cane pole to which he'd wired eyes and a reel—and start for the river at dawn. To enter the wet gray stillness of day before sunrise. To turn downhill from the sleeping town, with no sound but footfall and the waking cry of birds. Across pastures, thickets, fencerows, to come out finally on a mud road winding through dark trunks of timber in the bottoms. The world then was suspended in shadow and half-light, dense with the being of earth before man: unmoving quiet shapes and smells—of cattle and cut hay, of wet stones and dew—that in the keen air were like another language, older and more true. At moments like this he felt that nothing in the world was not essential. And when at last he came up on the bridge—a single span of iron rail and loud loose planks—he stopped to watch mist rise and drift above the silk black surface. He stood stock-still and let the swirl of water come into his heart, until all the river, its force and grave repose, its life apart from human life, was in him, too.

Upstream the river narrowed with many rapids spilling into depth. Water sprawled spuming through willow and beds of blunt rock to deepen abruptly, six feet, 10 feet, and then go shallow again. It shot in chutes past sandbars and mudbanks to gradually grow broad and still in deep pools. To places like these he made his way, beneath trees arched like a vault, wading sometimes waist-deep to get around brush and the wreckage of trees. He worked then to set his fly down perfectly. It would drop and settle slowly, its small spinner flickering, and instantly his body was alert with waiting for the sudden pull. It came soon or not at all. When it did, up through the tremor of the bending rod sprang shocks of primal life. He could feel the fish as it fought, feel its veering thrust and surge. Each strike felt firm, deliberate, as if each time a bond were being joined. While the outcome was in doubt he wooed with magic and prayer the fish he could not see. Then it became visible, its dark shape forking toward him. He caught rock perch, crappie and bass, none of them so very big. And yet, through the mystery of that first contact, they seemed somehow huge.

He worked each place patiently, and as he fished the sun spread golden through the mist. It climbed, and light cut in shafts through the trees. The water turned from black to gold to transparent green, and then a different kind of fishing began. He replaced the fly with a hook and no longer stopped to try each tempting spot. He moved upstream, on the lookout for holes in which there would be a single big fish—a smallmouth bass charging back and forth in a rage. For some reason these warlike fish took over smaller pools. They did not defend a nest, so far as he could tell, but only

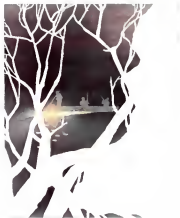


the hole itself. They attacked intruders, they stayed in plain sight, and for a long time they were impossible to catch. Minnows, poppers, crawdads, too, he tried without luck. What worked he found by chance. He was watching one of these fish when a frog about three inches long jumped away from him into the water. It started kicking across the surface, and in a flash the bass was under it, churning in tight circles. The longer the frog swam the more enraged the fish became. It rushed to the end of the pool and shot back. It rammed into the frog with a vicious shake of its head, gulped, and went back to its grate patrol. That was how to do it. He would catch a frog and jab the hook through its belly. A minute later he had the bass on his line. These were big fish, five and six pounds, and more than once he splintered the bamboo rod.

He would take three or four bass like that and start home with tails dragging the dust. He stopped again on the bridge, this time to stare down through his own image and gradually make out, in the dark hole under the bridge, the most enormous bass he'd ever seen. It weighed 10 or more pounds, or so he guessed. It was there each time he passed, hovering mid-depth on the upstream side. And nothing, not lures, not live bait, not the many movements of men, disturbed its perfect calm. It seemed never to move, merely to appear and vanish, as if part of the river itself. He had seen men shoot fish from bridges (though not this bridge), especially the slow-moving carp that nosed along the bottom in bunches of five or 10. When one was hit, it zigzagged madly, its thick back cutting the surface, its wound white and pulpy, like a ripe rose. This fish, though, seemed apart from harm, beyond guns, dynamite, the unfair things men used to take fish, electric shock cranked into the water from an old box telephone. Maybe it knew, the same way crows or deer know, men armed from men unarmed. It seemed inviolate and wise, not at all like the brazen, nervous bass he caught with frogs. It seemed, in fact, the spirit of this place to which he came at dawn, and every time he saw it he felt deeply at peace.

The boy, of course, is myself, a self more vital, compact, pure, like wood within the inmost ring of a tree whose life has reached to many rings. Once, out for firewood, another boy and I crosscut a trunk of walnut that had lain barkless and rotting for maybe 50 years. When the yard-thick halves rolled clean we found the ooze of sap still live at its heart. Time makes the meaning of such moments. They grow in memory and come finally to speak for the whole of one's life. I try, anyway, to stay loyal to those times on the river. Amid the damage of living I find purchase in that uncluttered coming to selfhood of a boy whose serious solitude began on clear-water streams, the Maries and Little Maries, the Osage, St. Francis, Castor, Huizah, Black, Blue Tavern, Jacks Fork. Most of them were small enough to flashflood after a night's downpour. They fell to almost a trickle in late summer, and you could hear a boat coming miles off as it bumped and scraped through the shallows.

I fished alone often, but not always and not at first. Like any beginner I had to learn from someone: techniques, judgments, places. I had to receive a code of simple conduct, or merely an essential feeling, and this was my father's gift to



me. It was a deep, unconscious giving, the only thing, I sometimes think, entirely his to give. He was a carpenter turned schoolteacher, moving from job to job, small town to small town, leaving friends, enemies, a string of half-built houses. Nothing much worked out, which might, perhaps, be said for most men. But my father, at least, knew how to retrieve himself from the debris of his life, and that knowledge became mine through him. From the time I was six we would dig worms and with an armful of poles take off at evening for the river. We would bait up and cast out to the channel, then sit back in the calm and watch the sun slant downward.

Sometimes we got ambitious and drove to special places, most often to one of the big dams—Bagnell, Wappapello, Clearwater—where fish gathered in great bunches along the edges of the spillway. You could see them, dark flashing shapes crowding the bank to escape the pounding of the water where it churned up from the floodgates. To fish close to the dam was forbidden, but with a treble hook—three big hooks welded back to back—we could cast upstream into that swarming mass and snag them with hard jerks on the line. Or else we fished the channel with heavy sinkers that dragged slowly downstream. Along the embankments of towering concrete, six-foot gar floated like logs in the sun, and at Bagnell, on the Osage, catfish large as men were said to lie at the base of the dam. The biggest one I saw was four feet, a blue cat with slit belly and guts cleaned out that pulled loose from the stringer and swam off. There we caught crappie, channel cat and, sometimes in great batches, the silver-bright humpback drum.

For a time, too, we fished small streams with trotlines, cord strung from log or rock across the river with a dozen hooks baited and left overnight. We took nice catfish that

continued



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## Boynoon

way, and now and then a soft-shell turtle. Better than any catch was the excitement of going to check it in the morning. If a 10-pound flathead was on, the water fairly boiled. Mostly, though, we just put out lines and settled down to wait. I'm amazed now how broadly satisfying that was. Once we fixed the poles, propped them with stones and forked sticks, we felt that simply being there was enough. What we caught or didn't catch was up to luck entirely. Luck meant a mess of fish, of course, but on those soft evenings it meant something more: participation in an order as slow and patient as the earth itself, a harmony whose silent moving depth was like the river. Shadows spread, and across the hills came ringing of far-off church bells. Walls of trees massed darkly from high banks over the water, and upstream pale-limbed sycamores grew ghostly in the twilight. The air cooled and dew damped our clothes. Nothing stirred. First one, then another whippoorwill began to call, and as night rose the peace got so intense that to reel in and leave seemed almost sacrilege.

And then there was grennel fishing. That, anyway, was what we called it. Grennel are also known as grandle or bowfin, and in Mingo Swamp they grow ungodly large. Eight to 18 pounds, two to three feet long and thickly lean with wicked teeth and a flared fin running the length of the back. They hit best on cut bait—we used chunks of carp—and they fought with brute fury. Mingo lay in one of the old channels of the Mississippi north of the Arkansas line. It was banked for water control, and the only way in was to walk, two, three miles along dikes and levees, cutting through brambles with machetes, sidestepping the cottonmouths and rattlers that everywhere thrived in the mud and mud-thick waters. That place was nothing human, and when the reeds ahead began to shiver and slowly part, you stopped and allowed time for what was moving there to make up its mind.

We used cane poles, 15-footers cut new each time we went in. Carp swarmed so thick in some of those sloughs that for bait we just clubbed what we needed and sliced them up. Then we waded in waist-deep, huge fish splashing around us, the gambol sucking at our feet. We set out the poles in a wide circle, rammed them into the bottom so they stuck out of the water at an angle, with the chunks of fish meat on hooks a foot below the surface. We stood then at the center and waited for strikes. We never waited long. Grennel hit like locomotives and moved on without slowing. The pole would heave and begin slipping the water in wild arcs, sometimes two at once, and the only way to take those fish was to scoop them into dip nets as they swept past our legs. There was no end to what we could catch that way. They giled up on the bank, fish after fish, as many as we could carry. Getting back to the car with a hundred pounds of fish was hard going. We decided finally to build a make-shift wheelbarrow, wooden so we could float it. We hauled out our catch in that and left it there for the next time.

That was when we lived in Glennon, in the southeast end of the state. The town had a population of about 30 people. There was a gravel lane flanked by eight or nine houses, some of them empty, and a wooden church that later burned down. We sat steep on a ridge over swampland and canebrake 20 miles from Marble Hill, the county seat, and 10

miles from Leopold, where the school was. Every spring high water half-destroyed the roads—dirt, gravel, blacktop torn into potholes—that bound the country together. Farming was all there was, and each farm took its bearing from the closest town. If a man said he was from Zalma or Clubb he most likely meant from a farm nearest the junction with that name. The towns were small indeed, often no more than a church, a couple of houses and a general store that was also the post office and gas station. I gradually came to know these places, but at first their names alone were real, names like Advance and Arab and Gipsy and Drum, like Loose Creek or Folk or Rich Fountain, from which I got my first notion of the backwoods as a community. I did some of my best fishing while we lived in Westphalia where in addition to a paved street there was a stone church, a tavern much used, a school and a mill for grinding feed. The town was strung out on a mile-long bluff above a river that cupped it on three sides. From our house you could look off and see it winding beneath the trees and sky, cutting through hills and valleys as it disappeared and then appeared again to vanish finally in a distant stand of gum and cottonwood.

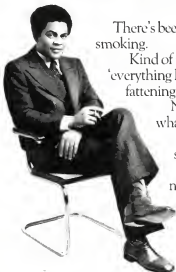
The life we lived was fading even then—the land wearing out, the young people leaving—but communal customs still survived. People got together to build a corncrib, to work on cars, to meet at sunrise on a neighbor's farm and bring in the whole crop in one day's time. Every gathering had a purpose beyond mere meeting, and so, too, with fishing on Sundays. After church, talk went from farming to the weather, from that to fishing, and in the afternoon maybe 30 people and a dozen dogs would gather on a farm near the river, the women to start the meal, the men to pile everything—nets, sacks, dogs, kids—onto a wagon or into the back of a pickup and take off for stretches of water where the big fish were. We would bump along through the bottoms high in corn and sorghum cane, the air salty, the sun blazing stubbornly down. Heat lightning flickered faintly without sound, and beyond the rim of hills loomed massive thunderheads. They would stand there for days, miles high and motionless.

Once on the river we planned our strategy, unraveled the nets and took our positions. Then real fishing began. In overalls and old shoes, hats cooked tight, we waded in with 40 feet of spread seine. We dragged the length of channels, we circled snags and deep holes and went in to drive the fish from hiding. We splashed, poked, danced on the limbs of sunk trees. Ten-pound carp shot headlong into the net, bass darted up and down its length, catfish waggled slowly back as we fought to bring the deep end around and outflank them in the shallows. Then into the mass of seething fish we charged, clubbing, grabbing, digging fingers into torn bloody gills. We hugged heaving fish bodies against our own, scales like silver dollars rubbing off on our skin, clothes, hair. The men were left the cutfish, a whole teeth did real damage, whose erect side fins stuck like bit-pointed knives. There was only one way to take a cat bare-handed: ram your fist straight down its throat and grab, first, before it could bush into you or grind its teeth across your arm.

And afterward, supper. The fish were skinned and filleted, each piece nicely cross-sliced so small bones would

continued

# Maybe you'll smoke them for the same reason I do.



There's been a lot of words in the papers about smoking.

Kind of reminds me of that old line — 'everything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.'

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fry to a crisp. Wood stoves roared with flame in the cook shed, and into kettles of boiling hard were dumped pounds and pounds of fish steaks. They had been rolled in cornmeal, and when they were done the crust was hard and golden around meat white and tender and unbelievably sweet. There was always a fish fry. But when the haul was great each man took home a share as well. When this happened the fish were sorted into a circle of glistening heaps on the grass. Everyone helped except one man, who stood apart with his back turned. His job was to answer with one of our names each time another man pointed to a mound of fish and called out "Whose?" The pointing started at random, but once in motion it went from pile to pile in order. An enormous catfish might by itself be a share, and it went in the order of the circle to the next name called.

There was one other kind of fishing—on winter nights, with 20-foot gags, from boats along the deepest stretches of water. It took skill, it took a man's whole strength, and my own first time with the gag—not just being in the boat but actually doing the spearing—was a moment of fear and exulted entry into that much, at least, of manhood's joy. In winter big fish came to settle in the wide, long parts of the river, not in the channel but in sloughs and elbows of backwater, six, eight, 10 feet down among logs and pockets of mud. Spots like these were too deep to seine, and to try with hook and line was useless because of the snags. But here the river's biggest fish were found. You could look down from the boat and see them, their bellies pressed to the bottom, their dark shapes still in the shadows. The trick was to jam steel hurls into one of those backs and then get it up through 10 feet of water. And you had to do it right, otherwise you lost the gag and maybe swamped the boat. Twenty pounds of fish caused fierce commotion. It appeared to sleep, to be mesmerized by the cold. But the second you touched it, it sprang to violent life.

We used a 20-foot flat-bottom boat, and once on the water there were never more than three of us—we poled with the shaft of the gag, its 10-inch teeth up-turned and gleaming. We hung out a kerosene lantern and glided in a globe of light, a coppery glow that lit up the bank as we passed. Things came out of the dark

continued

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## Boyhood

and fell back again, tangles of root and stone, fallen trees, the jagged rock face of bluffs rising hundreds of feet from the water. The lantern hissed softly and nobody spoke. We watched the salt-gray circle of light slide over the bottom. It cut into darkness and spread through the river's debris. We examined each clatter of rock and logs until, at first sight just a log, we found the object of our search. In that instant the night became vibrant with life. Far off a dog barked twice, trees span gravel on the ridge road, and below, in the river's silence, great gills flew slowly.

You stood then on the seat at the tip of the boat, your mind fixed on the fish, and began to lower the head of the gig. The distance had to be judged with care, too close and your thrust would not gain momentum, not close enough and you would be off-balance when you hit. With about two feet to go, you stopped, gathered your body like a fist and came down with all your weight on the fish. It was like plugging into a dynamo. A cloud of swirling silt arose, an explosion of hurt heaving life at its center, and everything—the boat, the light, your own flesh—began to tremble against the violent shudder of the gig. At such a moment, to ever get the fish into the boat did not seem possible. If it got off the bottom it would start to swim, and if that happened it would be too strong to hold. You just leaned on the shaft of the gig and bore down, waiting for the fish to spend its strength. Eventually it did, it fell suddenly quiet and then you could lift it to the surface. In the boat you stepped on its head and yanked the barbs free. It lay there, its tail twitching slowly, its torn flesh hanging in tendrils.

Fishing was brutal, savage, cruel, but none of that was the point. Joy was what counted, the rush of deep delight that came, I think, from rites that for a million years kept men living and in touch with awe. On the river I felt untroubled and at home, as if creation were a living whole in which I, too, took part. At such times I loved to fish—that is the word. I felt thankful for my luck and in wonder at the mystery I touched upon. That was the blessing of boyhood. It depended on a way of life now largely vanished and to which in any case I cannot return. Perhaps that is why I no longer fish. Except in memory, a grace that is lost stays lost.

END

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19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

**KITTY-GRITTY**

Sirs:

Melvin Maddocks' article on Carlton Fisk (*The New England Grit of Mr. Fisk*, July 30) was one of the finest I have read in your magazine. Fisk is the best catcher in the American League right now and in a couple of years he will be better than "you know who" from the Cincinnati Reds. If the Red Sox win the pennant, which they have a good chance of doing, Fisk would be at the head of the line to win the MVP award. And no one deserves it more than that young hustler from New England.

MIKA MANGINELLI

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was really far out to find that I read the same books and see the same movies as Carlton Fisk, and I suffer from insomnia, too! If these are the makings of a great catcher, here I come.

CAROL CARY

Warwick, R.I.

Sirs:

Melvin Maddocks should check his facts more carefully. I'm referring to his paragraph on New England catchers, and Bruce Tebbets in particular.

According to him, Burdie came from Burlington, Vt., when as a matter of fact he was actually born and brought up here in Nashua, N.H.

We don't have many big-league players from Nashua and want to be sure we get credit for those we do have.

EILEEN E. PHIPPAID

Nashua, N.H.

● Tebbets was born in Burlington Nov. 10, 1909. His family moved to Nashua when he was a boy.—E.D.

Sirs:

Is grit a characteristic found only in New England catchers? An uneducated baseball fan would gather as much by reading Melvin Maddocks' story.

But what about Thurman Munson of the New York Yankees, another bright young catcher? With all due regard to the New England grit of Mr. Fisk, he certainly does not monopolize all the catching talent in the American League.

As of July 29 Munson led Fisk in average .305 to .271. Even though Munson has hit fewer home runs, he leads in RBIs. Maddocks made a big deal about Fisk's all-star statistics, which are certainly impressive, but he failed to mention that they are second to

those of Munson. Fisk batted more but Munson has more hits. As a result he has scored more runs. Munson is also one of the fastest catchers in baseball. Munson has done all this while coming from Ohio and bringing with him a bundle of grit—the Midwest variety.

GARY MORRIS

Omaha

**RIGGING**

Sirs:

Bobby Riggs (*All the World's a Stage*, July 30) is highly controversial and he has rubbed a lot of people of both sexes the wrong way. But for all his possible faults he has gotten many middle-aged and old men out of their easy chairs and onto a tennis court or jogging track or into a swimming pool. For this reason, and this reason alone, Bobby Riggs can do no wrong.

DOUGLAS R. HOUM

Tucson

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Bobby Riggs for Sportsman of the Year.

DAVID L. ANSELL

New City, N.Y.

Sirs:

One minute you have me feeling sorry for poor old Bobby Riggs and then the next minute I'm turning at least 12 shades of red and twiddling my thumbs in anticipation of The Match in which Billie Jean will beat him. Excuse me now, I feel another urge to go stick pins in my Bobby Riggs doll.

KYME CRAIN

Roseburg, Ore.

**YEARS (CONT.)**

Sirs:

When I opened the July 23 issue and saw the article on land sales (*Buy Now and Cry Later*), my ire was raised because I didn't think it belonged in a sports magazine. However, upon reading the piece, I think the writer, Robert H. Boyle, and the magazine are due congratulations for an excellent example of investigative reporting. Although hardly related to sports, I think the article of the best articles to have appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since I became a subscriber. Coupled with the fact that the same issue included fine pieces on two sports greats who rarely get any print coverage, Billy Williams and Don Maynard, the July 23 SI can surely rate as one of the best ever.

MICHAEL D. HIRSCH

Brooklyn

continued



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## MOUNTING MAJESTY

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert's *To Capture Majestic* (July 23) was excellent, as was the lead photograph by Ron Asosing. However, the photograph is contained on two pages, which makes it virtually impossible to clip the picture and mount it so the two pages look as one.

Please, in the future, confine your photographs to one page, even if the size has to be reduced. In this way, they may be mounted and enjoyed for many years to come.

DECK DAYMONT

Oranota, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was refreshing to read an article on nature photography in a sports magazine. Bill Gilbert expressed some stimulating ideas, as did the photographers themselves, not to mention the pictures.

A while back I was trying to choose between a subscription to *SI* and membership in the National Audubon Society. After deciding on one, I got both. Thanks.

BOB WALTER

Sumner, Ore.

## NO FOUL-OUT

Sirs:

The ABA has decided to ban the foul-out rule as an experiment. The league has a short memory.

Last October the Denver Rockets committed 56 fouls in a 155-111 loss to the Virginia Squires. Down by 48 points, Rocket Coach Alex Hannum ordered his men to foul deliberately during the last 17 minutes as a protest against the rules and the referees. Virginia had 30 perustals, but they weren't trying.

For THE RECORD (Nov. 6, 1972) reported: "The Rocket players complied reluctantly with Hannum's orders, the referee said he would file some choice words, the league public-relations man, a spectator, was embarrassed and the fans booed."

Look forward to more games like this one, ABA fans.

MICHAEL DRYDEN

Brooklyn

## ALUMINUM SIDELIGHT

Sirs:

Regarding your commentary on aluminum baseball bats (SEPT. 10, 1973, p. 9), an

interesting sidelight on the subject (SEPT. 10) following the regular Indiana College All-Conference season.

Indiana Central College, winner of the ICC baseball title with an 8-0 record and 18-2 overall, batted .319 as a team in those 20 contests with nearly every player using the experimental aluminum bats.

Invited to the NCAA College Division Midwest Regional Playoff, Greyhound Coach Bill Bright was informed that during the postseason tournament the use of aluminum bats would be prohibited.

Returning to the wooden clubs, Central batters collected 52 hits in 139 times at bat in four games against the twilight competition of the Midwest Regionals, a .347 average. This raised the team average to .325, ranking IC third in the final College Division statistics.

Perhaps the IC players should have been using the old wooden sticks after all.

JOE BRUNSWICK

Indianapolis

## WINNING WAYS (CONT.)

Sirs:

No one would argue that George Allen is a winner *CA Hundred Percent Is Not Enough*.

continued

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## 10TH HOLE

July 9) His record as head coach of the Los Angeles Rams and the Washington Redskins proves that point quickly. And no one would argue against his status as total effort, total preparation, compulsive workaholic to professional success. But what is it all for?

As I read the article, I kept asking myself questions. I wondered if George Allen really believes that "Winners don't waste time, and that applies in every walk of life." Would Allen ever be wasteful enough to take an unplanned walk on a beach, or smell some fresh mint leaves from the garden? What kind of winner does he mean when he says "the winner is the only individual who is truly alive . . . every time you win, you're reborn; when you lose, you die a little"? I guess his wife Ety, who apparently understands him and is patient, is not alive. All she does is raise the children and put up with his being away from home so much. I'm glad he does try to get together with his family whenever he can. There's a real concerned man.

My major argument against his philosophy is that he's too black, white, too singularly goal-oriented, too tight. From this article, at least, he makes no distinction between his professional and his personal life. In fact, his personal life seems rather unimportant.

It is one thing to know what you want, to be willing to work hard for it, to be organized and thorough ("We will not let anything go without examining it"), to personally care about your team. It's another thing to be consumed by this passion for winning. George Allen is consumed. Winning is important, especially in your professional career. But is it everything?

Thanks anyway, but there's a moving link somewhere.

MURRI HICKER

Tiburon, Calif.

## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

There can be only one possible choice for Sportsman of the Year and that is Henry Aaron. Whether he cracks Ruth's record this year, as he might, or next year, doesn't really matter.

The pressure The Hammer has had to withstand has been unbelievable. And yet, none of the hushmies that accompanied Roger Maris' pursuit of 60 homers in a season has touched the man-culous Aaron.


Could there possibly be any more exemplary behavior on the part of an athlete chasing the most cherished baseball record in America?

FANCY MORGAN

Buffalo

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